

E. Griffiths 1075

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 419. LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1869. [ONE PENNY.]

VOLUNTEER FETES IN BELGIUM.

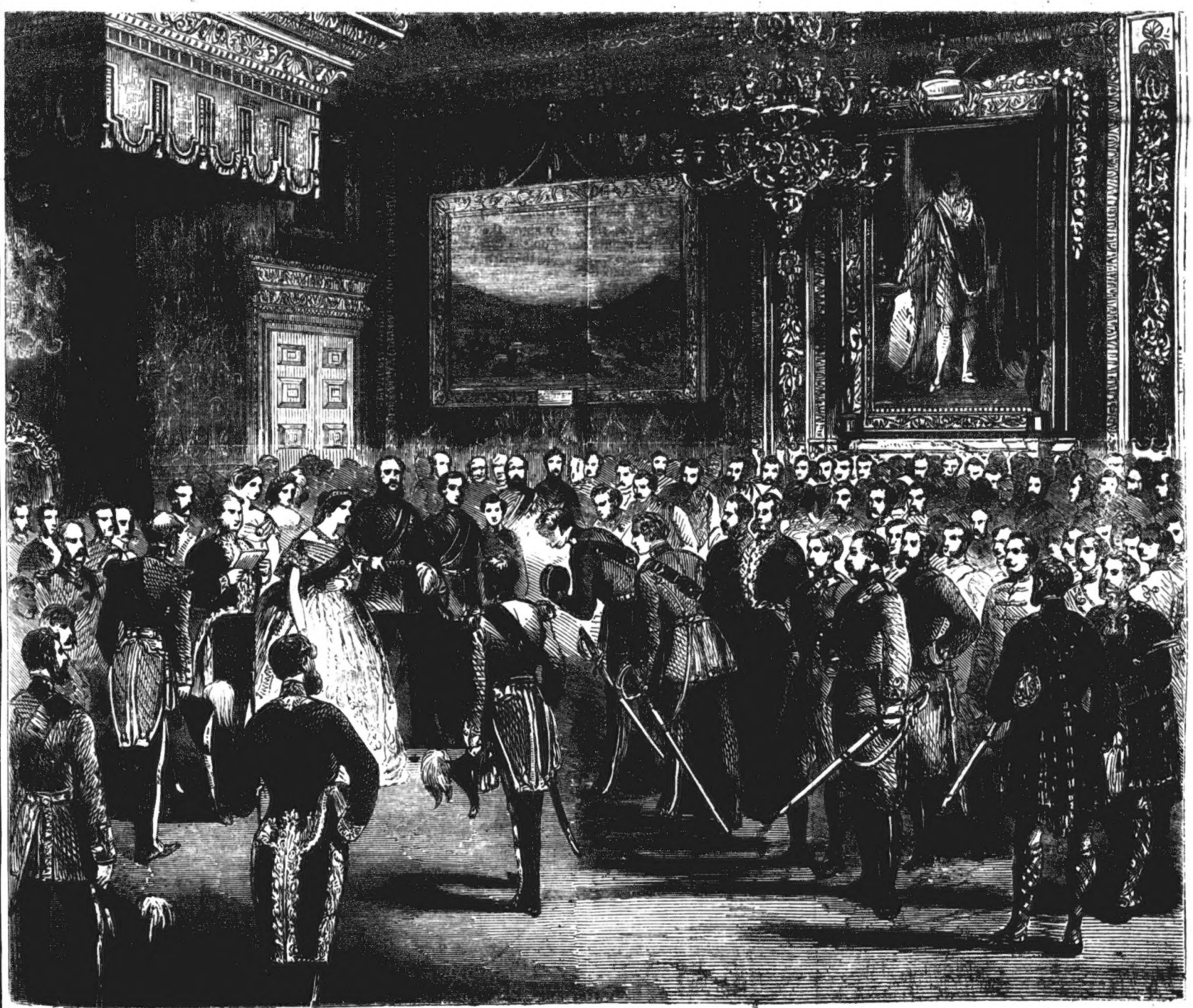
THE English volunteers who have visited Liege, and taken part in the shooting and festivities of the Belgian International Tir, have experienced a most enthusiastic reception from the authorities, although many of them have had to pay most severely for their holiday. The cost of the excursion was so much beyond expectation that several young artisans among them were obliged to return home on Monday.

At half-past seven on Sunday morning last week, M. Andrimont, the Bourgmestre, with the *schepens*, went to the railway station to meet the representatives of the French National Guard. The guard of honour appointed to be at the station on their arrival was composed of 100 men of the English Volunteer corps. The reds, blues, and grays among

them so arranged themselves that the 100 presented a capital figure. As the two trains conveying National Guards, numbering about 800, entered the station, the volunteers raised a thoroughly English cheer. The Frenchmen seemed quite taken aback by this reception. It was an unexpected compliment, and they expressed themselves as deeply moved by it.

Soon after 10 o'clock on Sunday morning the rooms of the Hotel de Ville were thrown open. There was a raised dais for the Bourgmestre and other civic functionaries, and chairs were arranged in lines on either side all down the room for ladies, who were to distribute to the riflemen medals and little books containing a programme of the fetes. At half-past 10 o'clock the various harmonic societies which were

to lend their professional aid in the rejoicings entered, the Hotel de Ville in procession. Each society carried a standard, which in nearly every instance took the shape of an embroidered silk velvet flag, suspended from a painted pole, most of which it covered in triangular-shaped drapery. By the time the societies had been presented the riflemen were on their way to the square in front of the railway station. This was the place of rendezvous, and thence they were to march to the Hotel de Ville. The Rev. Mr. Jenkins who had come from Brussels for the purpose, gave a special service for the volunteers, and at half-past 10 o'clock Lieut.-Colonel Thomson, accompanied by Colonel Lord Seaton, another member of the Anglo-Belgian Prize Fund committee, left his hotel to marshal our men. The cortège set out from



RECEPTION OF VOLUNTEERS BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.



The Milan journals speak of a frightful accident in the neighbourhood of that city. Seven persons, all belonging to respectable families in that city, and consisting of M. Sassi, chemist, his son, MM. Lazioni and Pagani, Mmes. Carolina and Bellinzaghi, and a little girl of eight, were returning from pleasure excursion, when the vehicle in which they were riding arrived at the level crossing of the railway. The gatekeeper refused to allow them to pass as a train was coming. Two of the party alighted and forced open the barrier, and they were just crossing the line when the engine came and dashed the carriage to a distance, killing four persons and fearfully injuring the three others. Madame Bellinzaghi and her young girl were not grandly hurt, were among the

Arundo, 2 1/2 ft., with eight cane-like figures, is the deepest
watermark. Its 2 1/2 inches wide. Gros d'Ecosse, without
particular figure, has three cords flattened like sails. Gros
de Lorraine has eight cords, as fine as hair and widely
spaced. Frip de l'Orléans, with five cords and pure inside.

Typing is Artisan Type.—Fadd and Gloss, of the Thomas Works, St. Andrew's-hill, have, in addition to their extensive selection of Modern Type, complete Stocks of Oldfaced Letters, and grooves and/or large and small Pointing Bells, Circulars, Reports, &c., by Gifford machines, with the usual equipment. Estimate on application.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA, &c.

HOLBORN THEATRE.

A new comedy in three acts, entitled "Plain English," written by Mr. Thomas Morton, has been produced at the Holborn Theatre.

In thus commencing his second season as a London manager Mr. Barry Sullivan must be understood as abandoning his original intention of representing upon his stage works pertaining to "the highest class of dramatic literature" only. It is very possible that new plays that can be so honourably described are not very readily to be obtained, or that, given such works, Mr. Sullivan despairs of finding a public willing to recognise their merits and to reward sufficiently his enterprise and exertions in producing them. In any case the new comedy under mention is by no means in advance of the current drama of the time. "Plain English" is, in truth, an adaptation from the French, and owes its existence to M. Barrière's play, "Les Parisiens de la Décadence," represented a few months back at the St. James's Theatre for the sake of M. Brindeau's impersonation of Desgenais, the leading character.

The comedy opens in the house of Sir Frederick Fitzzeay (Mr. J. C. Cowper); we are introduced to his dining-room, and find him expecting half a dozen of his friends to breakfast. Pending their arrival there is an idle conversation, prolonged to an undue length, between Sir Frederick's valet Owen (Mr. E. Dyer), and a page boy named Cheek (Mr. W. Arthur). Sir Frederick, who is engaged to Constance Harrell (Miss Jane Rignold), is about to sell his estate of "The Rookery" to Timothy Martin (Mr. George Honey), who, having amassed a large amount of money, is desirous of ending his days as a country squire. The pawnbroker, Brassey Harrell (Mr. W. H. Stephens), Captain St. Leger de Main (Mr. Charles Horsman), an irrepressible duellist and adventurer, Balaam Gagg (Mr. David Evans), an impossible kind of newspaper editor, and several others, are invited to the breakfast. The hero of the comedy, Frank Blunt (Mr. Barry Sullivan), an old friend of Sir Frederick's, unexpectedly drops in, and is asked to join the banquet. Before they have been many moments at breakfast speeches become general, and healths are proposed. Frank Blunt distinguishes himself by means of proposing the healths of all the company assembled in very plain English indeed. This speech—which, however, could not have been made in any private dining-room in this nineteenth century of ours without leading to a serious breach of the peace between every one assembled—was really one of the most striking situations in the piece. It seems to be Frank Blunt's mission to go through all sorts of trouble for the purpose of speaking his mind and administering some telling home truths on all occasions. He takes the post of secretary to Brassey Harrell, and is of infinite service to him in preventing him losing his own fortune and those of his friends in a bubble company. He saves Mrs. Harrell (Mrs. Hermann Vezin) from an unfortunate attachment she has formed to her daughter's lover, Henry Rutland (Mr. T. Carlton), and persuades the cowardly Reginald Harrell (Mr. Lin Rayne) to boldly face in a duel Captain St. Leger de Main, who, presuming on his cowardice, has sent him a challenge. When he finds Constance Harrell (Miss Jane Rignold) no longer loves Sir Frederick Fitzzeay, he persuades the baronet to gracefully give her up. He laughs at the penurious old pawnbroker who aspires to the hand of his ward Perdita (Miss Maude Howard), and so magical is his power over speaking plain English that he induces the old man not only to give her up in his Frank Blunt's favour, but to settle a handsome dowry upon her. The great fault of the piece is that the interest is too scattered.

SALVINI, the Italian tragedian, has retired into private life. BADER, the Nestor of German tenors, has just died at Baden, at the age of 80.

The arrival of Mr. Holman Hunt at Jerusalem will, we trust soon allow us to announce his progress with an important work.

The rumours which fix a positive *habitat* for the opposition Italian Opera of next season are all premature. Nothing definitive is settled.

MISS JULIA MATHEWS, the English Schneider, has settled terms with Mr. Harris, of Covent-garden, to appear next Christmas in his pantomime and opening.

MR. DIXON, who has been connected with the *Morning Post* from its commencement, is about to retire from that paper with the intention of settling in Canada.

MR. WOOLNER's statue of Lord Palmerston for Westminster will be erected on its proper site as soon as the return of Mr. Layard from Italy permits completion of the needful arrangements.

MR. GUZIO is engaged in completing a work which will bear some analogy to that of Sir Walter Scott's popular "Tales of Grandfather," entitled "Histoire de France, racontée à petits enfants."

The new theatre to be erected in the Strand, on the site of the Bentinck Club, will, it is expected, be opened at Christmas. It will be under the management of Miss M. Oliver, one of the New Royalty.

RELWYN's "Last Days of Pompeii," which has so often furnished the libretto of an opera, is once more put to use by M. Nutter and Joncières for the Lyrique. Originally it was called *La Nydia*, but now it is to be called *Pompeii*.

HERR RUBENSTEIN is completing a pianoforte fantasia in four movements, and a cantata, "The Tower of Babel." The latter is to be made available for stage representation, and is to be heard, for the first time, in Vienna, in January.

The special correspondents who are to chronicle the opening of the Suez Canal are beginning to think about preparing themselves for their trip. Dr. Russell is to represent the *Times*, Mr. Edward Dicey the *Daily Telegraph*, and Mr. Henley the *Standard*.

PROFESSOR SEELEY has been appointed to the chair of modern history at Cambridge, vacant by the resignation of Canon Kingsley. Mr. Seeley graduated in 1837, when he was senior Chancellor's Medallist, and bracketed senior classic with three others. He is a fellow of Christ's College.

LUIGI POLETTI, the most celebrated architect, has just died at Milan, aged seventy-seven. His last work was to direct the construction of the Church of St. Paul at Rome, which Pope desires to have terminated by the period fixed for the opening of the Council.

The American consul, Barnum, made an offer of £500 to the late bishop of New York for a site in the grounds of that mansion on which Lord Byron put this year

name and that of his sister Augusta. The offer was declined; and the tree is still standing.

ALTHOUGH the present has been one of the worst years known for artists, it has been the best for the chief of our picture exhibitions. In 1863 the sum taken at the doors of the Royal Academy was about £11,000. This year it was nearly £20,000. The receipts averaged nearly £250 a-day.

THE *Pays* has discovered that Victor Hugo is of noble birth, and that his ancestors were ennobled by the Dukes of Lorraine. Victor Hugo's father was, however, a carpenter and joiner by trade, but in the stirring times of the French Revolution Hugo *placé* thrust himself forward, and was created a count by the first Napoleon.

THE death, at Neuilly, is announced of Edouard Gourdon, formerly Chef de Bureau, in Paris, of the Press, and afterwards Secretary-General of the Prefecture of the Cotes-du-Nord. The deceased gentleman had been editor of the *Patrie*, and in 1856 published an "Histoire du Congrès de Paris," compiled from authentic documents. He was also the author of several novels.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The oratorio performances of this Society will recommence at Exeter-hall, as usual, about the last week in November. Sir Michael Costa, who is now in Italy in perfect health, will leave for England, to resume his professional labours, early in the ensuing month, taking Stuttgart and Berlin, where his oratorios are to be produced under his direction, on his route homewards.

SOME time ago an advertisement appeared in the papers stating that a gentleman was willing to give £50 for the best essay on longevity in man and the lower animals, and the best means of lengthening life. The writer refused to let his name be known, and the essays were to be adjudicated upon by Professor Huxley, of Oxford. Fourteen were sent in, and the prize has just been awarded to Mr. Lankester, son of Dr. Lankester, the well-known London Coroner.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.—A considerable portion of the ruins of this once magnificent pile having shown signs of falling Earl Clarendon, the owner, is now repairing and strengthening the great hall, Leicester's buildings, and parts of the external walls on either side. His lordship is also restoring some of the doorways, windows and fireplaces. In the course of the repairs excavations have been made, and underground apartments, cells, and passages revealed which had been hid for centuries. The great hall, 90ft. by 45ft., still retains several of its fine gothic windows, and some of the towers yet rise 70ft. high.

THE *Musical Standard* says that Mr. Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," lately heard at Worcester, is to be performed shortly at the Crystal Palace.—Mlle Désirée Artôt has been married to Signor Padilla y Ramos, the baritone, at Severs.—The Theatre Argentina at Rome has given a performance of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable." The Romish censors, however, objected to the name of the great enemy of the human race being in the title, and so the opera was re-christened "Roberto di Picardia."—M. Bagier has acquired, with a view to early representation, the right to produce in Paris "Maria Stuarda," an unpublished opera of Donizetti's, written in 1833 for the theatre San Carlo of Naples, but placed under an interdict by the Government of the day on account of the legend.

DESTRUCTION OF THE THEATRE AT DRESDEN.—An event occurred on the 22nd ult. which is calculated to cast a gloom over the city of Dresden as regards the chief amusements of the forthcoming winter. The theatre was totally destroyed by fire. Those who remember its external appearance will feel that the city has sustained a great loss in an architectural point of view, while those who depended upon it for their bread must have looked with deeper feelings of distress on the scene of desolation. Fortunately, no lives have been lost, or, as far as ascertained, personal injuries sustained. The damage was entirely confined to the theatre itself, which, in about three hours, was a mere shell, with a smouldering, but unapproachable, conflagration going on inside, like a fire in some vast chimney.

HAVE any readers noticed the number of lady writers now engaged on the magazines? "Gone over to the women" is the cry raised afresh nearly every month by some jealous males. For instance, at the present time the *St. James's Magazine* is edited by Mrs. Riddell, authoress of "George Keith," the *Argosy* is edited by Mrs. H. Wood, authoress of "East Lynne," and both ladies are writing several tales in *Tinsley's Magazine*. Miss Yonge, authoress of the "Heir of Redclyffe," is editing the *Monthly Packet*. Mrs. S. C. Hall, assists in editing the *Art Journal*. *Macmillan's Magazine* contains, besides the article of Mrs. Stowe "A Brave Lady," by Mrs. Craik (Miss Muloch), authoress of "John Halifax," "Estelle Russell," by Miss Olney; "Children's Literature," by Miss Yonge; "Lady Duff Gordon," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton. The story in *Temple Bar*, "Red as a Rose is She," is by a lady. Miss A. B. Edwards is the authoress of the principal story in *Good Words*, "Debenham's Vow." Miss Emily Davies has an article in the *Contemporary Review*. The writer of the article on "Bells," in the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* is Miss Stotter, of Bath.

DANTON, the celebrated caricaturist, has just died at Baden-Baden. His power of modelling from memory was phenomenal. After one long look at his subject he could go to his studio and make a bust perfect in its resemblance. Numbers of anecdotes were told of his feats in this way. One day a young man came into his studio and told him he had a sister mortally ill, and that his family wished to have her portrait. They dared not ask her to sit; to do so would have been to awaken her suspicion. In a word, Danton undertook to reproduce her features from memory. The next day the brother informed his sister that he intended to make her a present of a jewel for her next ball. Danton was introduced as the young man from the jeweller's, and while the young lady was looking at the specimens sent the artist made his observations. On going home he produced a bust of striking resemblance. Next year an old man, the father of the brother and sister, came to ask Danton to do the bust of his son, also from memory, for the young man was dead. Danton succeeded as well for the brother as he had for the sister. He was not, however, always so successful. On one occasion a gentleman who could not get his wife to sit asked Danton to take his place on a given day at a given hour, in one of the omnibuses running from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and he would see his wife there, and might observe her attentively. Danton did as directed, executed a splendid bust, sent it to the husband, and received for answer that it was not like his wife, but was the very image of her maid. Danton had made a mistake in the face. His wife's portrait

fortune, as the result of his art labours, to his widow, besides a legacy of £3 250 to his sister-in-law, Mlle. Montier, £800 to a niece, £800 to found an annual prize at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, £400 to the Society for the Relief of Poor Artists, and several gifts to his numerous friends.

THE GARDEN.

FLOWER GARDEN.

WE would strongly advise such of our readers as are anxious to make the best use of their gardens at all seasons, and are not content to reserve them merely for a brilliant display of bedding plants during three or four months of the year, to peruse our recommendations given during the last few weeks, and act accordingly; for October is undoubtedly a valuable time to those who like a good show of spring flowers, as well as a propitious season for planting shrubs and tree pruning.

Hardy perennials may now be divided for increase; and edgings of all kinds may be planted or repaired. Most of the deciduous trees and shrubs may be increased by layers, a very simple yet sure method. Let the ground be dug round the tree or shrub intended to be layered, then bring down the two-year-old shoots, peg them securely to the ground, and cover with earth to the depth of three or four inches. At the expiration of a year, most of the layers will be well rooted and ready to be taken off the parent tree.

Roses may be bedded on briars till the middle of October, but the earlier the better. Those entered in July have made good shoots, and should be looked over occasionally for the removal of wild buds below the work. The following list of good hybrid perpetual roses will be useful to many of our readers, who are at this season naturally asking what are the best sorts to plant. Alfred de Rougemont, dark crimson; Anna de Diesbach, rose colour; Augusta Nice, glossy pink; Beauty of Waltham, rosy crimson; Charles Lefevre, bright red; Colonel de Rougemont, pale rose; Clement Marot, lilac rose; Empereur de Maroc, maroon; Eugène Appert, brilliant crimson; François Lacharme, carmine; Jean Goujon, dark; John Hopper, rosy crimson; Jules Margottin, cherry red; Lady Emily Peel, pure white; Baron Rothschild, carmine; Le Rhone, vermillion; Madame Victor Verdier, vermillion; Madame Boutin, cherry red; Madame Charles Wood, bright red; Madame Rivers, flesh colour; Madame Fartado, vermillion; Madame Julie Daran, red; Prince Camille de Rohan, dark; Sénateur Vaisse, scarlet; Vicomte Vigier, violet red; Victor Verdier, cherry rose; Lord Clyde, rose; Louise Peyronney, fine pink; Pierre Notting, blackish red; Queen Victoria, pale flesh colour; Alpaide de Rotalier, rose; Comte de Paris, bright carmine; Duchesse de Norfolk, purplish crimson; Eugene Bourcier, vivid crimson; King's Acre, bright rose; Gloire de Santenay, crimson scarlet.

PLANT HOUSES AND FRAMES.

GREENHOUSE.—House at once, says the *Gardener's Magazine*, whatever is to be wintered under glass. Remove the shading, give plenty of air, and whenever green-fly or thrips appear, resort to effectual methods at once, and much future annoyance will be saved. Plants that are to bloom during the winter should have the best place as to warmth. Give plenty of air day and night, and remove the shading, so as to let in all the sunshine that can be had. Avoid making up fires; but when it becomes necessary to do so make a brisk fire, so as to dry the house and promote a current of air; otherwise, push nothing into growth more than may be needful to ensure vigorous health and plenty of stamina. Chrysanthemums will now keep the house gay for a while, and as they go off Fuchsias and Geraniums from summer cuttings may be got into bloom by giving the plants good places and shelter from draughts. If mildew appears, use flowers of sulphur; for green-fly, tobacco smoke.

Fuchsias may be kept in bloom till very late in the season by keeping them rather close and warm. Plants going out of bloom, and which are to be grown another season, should be put out of doors to harden them, and left unpruned till they have tasted a very slight frost; then cut them in slightly, and house in any moderately dry place, either light or dark, till they begin to break in the spring.

FRAMES.—Bedding plants may still be propagated, but the stock ought to be complete by this time. Calceolarias put in now will make good plants for bedding next summer.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Thin the autumn-sown crops of carrots and onions at once, as the ground from the heavy rains is now moist, and the surplus plants can be drawn out without injury to those remaining. The thinnings may be planted to fill up vacancies in the rows, if required. After the heads of globe artichokes have been gathered, cut away that part of the stem left on the plant, to encourage the production of a fresh growth from the bottom. The manner in which the various root crops are stored exercises a material influence over their keeping properties. The onions should be exposed sufficiently under cover to enable them to get quite hard and dry before finally storing for the winter. Bulbs which are solid and well ripened keep much better than others that are soft and spongy, or have long green necks; therefore the latter must be carefully sorted out, and put on one side for immediate use. Proper attention is not paid to this simple but important matter, and the supply runs short towards the end of the winter in consequence. Where cardoons are grown tie the leaves together rather loosely, break the ground up about them and pack the soil round their stems to a height of about twelve inches, and give the final earthing up a month hence. Also earth up celery and leeks; the main crop of the former will now be in good order for receiving the final earthing. Attend to former directions, and trench or ridge up the several quarters as fast as they become vacant.

FRUIT GARDEN.

Take advantage of wet and otherwise unfavourable weather for outdoor work for examining the fruit gathered in the early part of the month. Remove all that show the least signs of decay, and take them to the kitchen for immediate use. Better, in fact, throw them away altogether than leave them to infect those in contact with them. Gather filberts and other nuts when ripe, and after they are thoroughly dry pack them in earthenware jars, and cover them down close; by these means the kernels will keep plump and fresh until spring. A sprinkling of salt will keep them nearly as fresh as when gathered from the tree, but it turns the husks and shells so black as to render them quite unfit for the table; therefore, where any consideration is paid to appearance, they must not be salted.

AN EXCITING SEARCH IN A WOOD.

On Saturday morning a feeble old man between 70 and 80 years of age, named Fishwick, went nutting in the Kelks Wood. This abounds in rugged clefted limestone rocks, dangerous declivities, and tangled brushwood. The old man was seen by a person late in the afternoon, who directed him out of the wood, but as he had lost his stick it was thought he had turned back to seek it and lost his way in the increasing darkness. After dark the villagers became excited, for the cry was heard in every street, "Old Fishwick is lost in the Kelks." A band of men with lanterns and dogs, and accompanied by the village bellman and his bell, started for the craggy wood, where they continued their search and shouting and ringing the sonorous-toned bell in vain until about midnight, when they returned weary and disheartened to their homes. At the first streak of dawn on Sunday morning the search was resumed, and after some hours' wandering in the woods the old man was found in Swilla-bottom, near Robin Hood Steps. He was lying on his chest with his head a little on one side in the earth so that he could breathe, his feet up the rock incline, and his basket and nuts by his side. In his wanderings he had fallen, and then slid down, head first, a steep declivity of 25 yards, where he had lain in the position in which he was found during the wet and stormy night. When one of the men who found him exclaimed, "He's here, but he's dead," the old man gave a groan. Fish-

ledge of the details of the profession. The chief officers, or, as they are called, chief engineers, of most of the American fire departments, and the principal assistant engineers, are elected, not promoted, and political influence is commonly paramount in the elections. In some towns the chief and his assistants are appointed by the mayor, and this is probably the better mode of the two; but in whichever way they obtained their places the appointments generally were only temporary, and varied in duration from one to about three years, according to local arrangements, and the effects of the system is fatal to the advancement of the professional work of the departments. He had come to the conclusion that the present system was doomed, and he had no doubt that the great ingenuity of the Americans would be brought to bear on the machinery and appliances of the fire departments. The Americans, in their admiration for steam fire-engines, had ignored the use of hand-worked engines, and thus deprived themselves of the means of instantly extinguishing fires at their own doors.

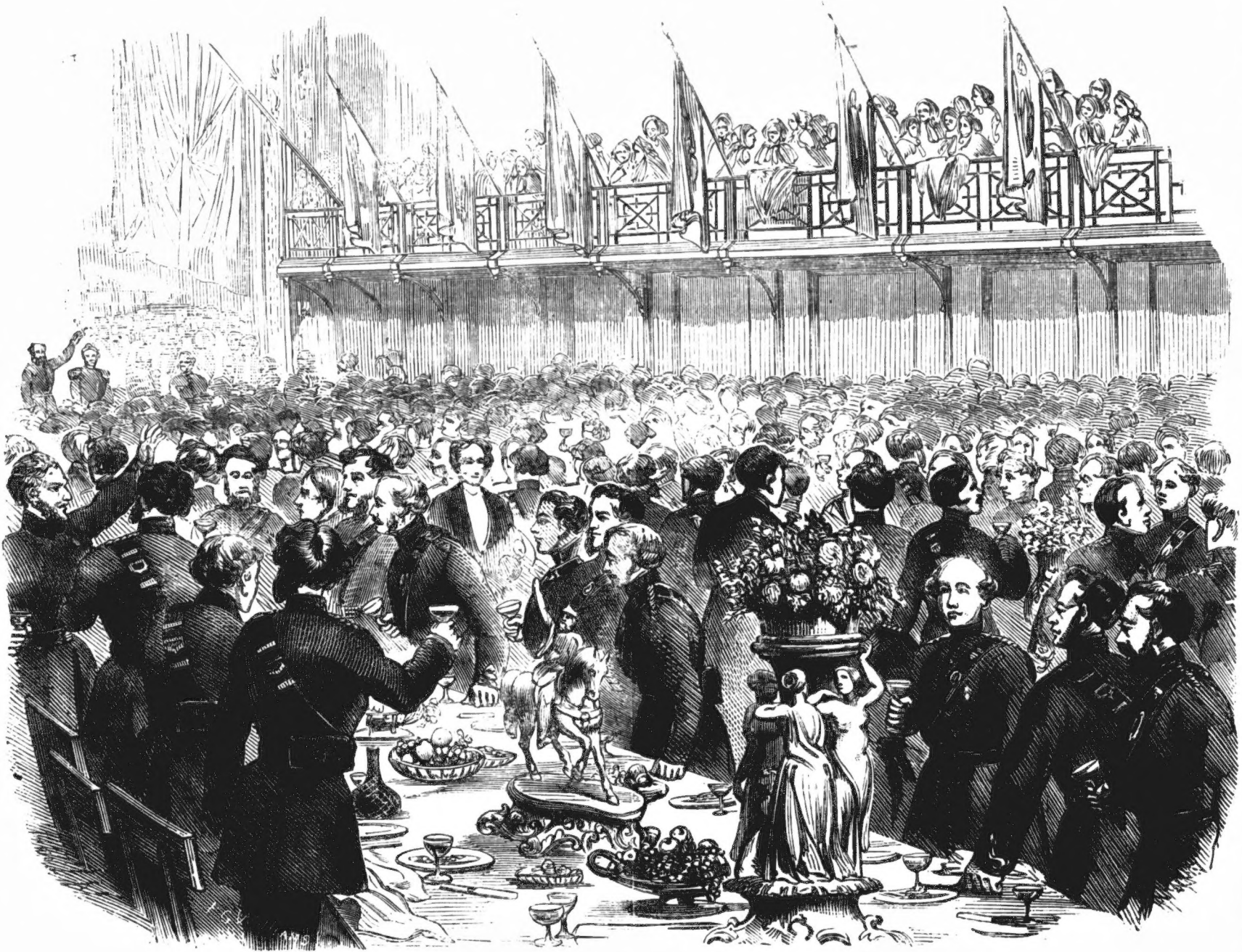
MR. CHARLES DICKENS AT BIRMINGHAM.

The usual address on the occasion of the opening of the winter season of the Birmingham and Midland Institute was delivered on Monday evening, in the Town-hall, by Mr. Charles Dickens, the President for the year. The hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen in full dress. Mr. Dickens

speech of considerable length, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Dickens, which was carried unanimously. Mr. Dickens replied, and, in reference to some of Mr. Dixon's remarks, said he would take that opportunity of discharging himself of his whole political creed, which was, that his faith in the people governing was infinitesimal—his faith in the people governed was illimitable.

AN IRONMASTER'S WEALTH.

The *Darlington Times* gives the following particulars of the will of the late Mr. John Vaughan:—"It is now twelve months since Mr. John Vaughan, the discoverer of the Cleveland ironstone, died at his London residence. Born in the last year of the last century, he had, from a boy gathered scrap iron in works in Wales, advancing step by step through all the branches of iron making, until he became, with Mr. Bolckow, owner of one of the largest iron works in the world. His great practical knowledge, his untiring industry, commercial ability, and discoveries yielded him immense wealth, and at the time of his death he was rich. The personality was sworn under £180,000, but this large sum of money does not by any means represent the fortune which the late lamented gentleman had accumulated. During his protracted illness he transferred to his only son, Mr. Thomas Vaughan, now the largest pig-iron maker in the world, half of his shares in the firm of Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., that represented



BANQUET GIVEN TO THE VOLUNTEERS AT LIEGE.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)

wick was carried home almost dead from cold and the effects of his fall, and put in bed, where, after recovering a little strength and his speech, he informed those around him that he had heard the hallooing but once, and gave himself up for lost and passed a sleepless night.

AMERICAN FIRE DEPARTMENTS.

CAPTAIN SHAW, the chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, has returned to London from his tour of inspection of the working of the fire departments in the principal cities in the United States. He speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude of the cordial and hospitable reception he met with in all the cities which he visited, but does not disguise his disappointment at having taken a long, laborious, and expensive journey with so little result. He thinks that the telegraph-makers had done much for the fire department, and that the steam fire-engine builders have also done much, but that the officials have done very little. Their engines can throw water well, but those in use are for the most part heavy, unwieldy, and inconvenient, and were precisely the same as those made many years ago. The introduction of politics into the fire departments—particularly in the selection of their principal executive officers—has been the means of preventing many of the most intelligent and promising members of the staff from remaining in charge long enough to acquire a complete know-

made his appearance in front of the orchestra a minute or two before eight o'clock, and was warmly received. Mr. Dickens, in his address, said that the institute, during the sixteen years of its existence, had not only helped numbers of people of the working population to attain to higher stations in life, but had also encouraged amongst them a tone of independence and self-help. He hoped it would proceed in the course in which it had hitherto advanced, knowing no distinction of creed or party amongst its members, but conserving itself as a pure ground on which all such considerations should merge into the Heaven-sent aspiration to be wiser and better. He trusted it would never exercise patronage or allow itself to be patronized, for the bestowal and receipt of patronage had done more to pervert really good objects and to lower high character than the utmost efforts of the narrowest antagonism. He protested against the too common assumption that this is a material and irreligious age. The extensive application of electricity was not an indication of a material age, because it had been found to have been discovered more for man's service than destruction. The only material age, in his opinion, would be the stupid epoch in which no grand revelations would be granted because they would be ignorantly and insolently repelled instead of being humbly and diligently sought. On resuming his seat Mr. Dickens was loudly cheered. The chair was then taken by Mr. Avery. Mr. Dixon, M.P., in a

£200,000, and Gunnergate Hall and Cleveland Lodge, near Middlesborough. The will, which is dated November 24, 1866, recites that he had only one son, Thomas Vaughan, and that he had adopted three children of his present wife by a former husband, namely, William Vaughan, Ann Jane Newcomen, and Mary Ann Elwon. To his wife the testator leaves an annuity of £3,000, and a legacy of £1,000, payable a month after his death, and all furniture, carriages, jewels, stones and ornaments at premises, Hyde-park-gate; plate, furniture, books, musical instruments, and other articles at Hyde-park, after widowhood or death to merge to Thomas Vaughan absolutely. To his nephew Joseph Vaughan, of Wotton Park he bequeaths £3,000; to his butler, Henry French, £200; and to four nieces, daughters of deceased's brother, Joseph Vaughan, £500 each for their separate use. To his brother, Amaziah Vaughan, he bequeaths £5,000; to William Vaughan £50,000; to Ann Jane Newcomen, £40,000; and to Mary Ann Elwon, £40,000. He also bequeaths £5,000 for the maintenance and education of Henry T. V. Elwon, and £5,000 to George Archibald William Montgomerie Newcomen for his maintenance and education. He bequeaths to Thomas Vaughan house furniture, stores and farming stock at Gunnergate Hall and Ugthorpe Lodge, and any other dwelling in his occupancy and devises residuary real and household property to Thomas Vaughan absolutely. Mr. Thomas Vaughan and Mr. Joseph Dodds, M.P. for Stockton, are the trustees.

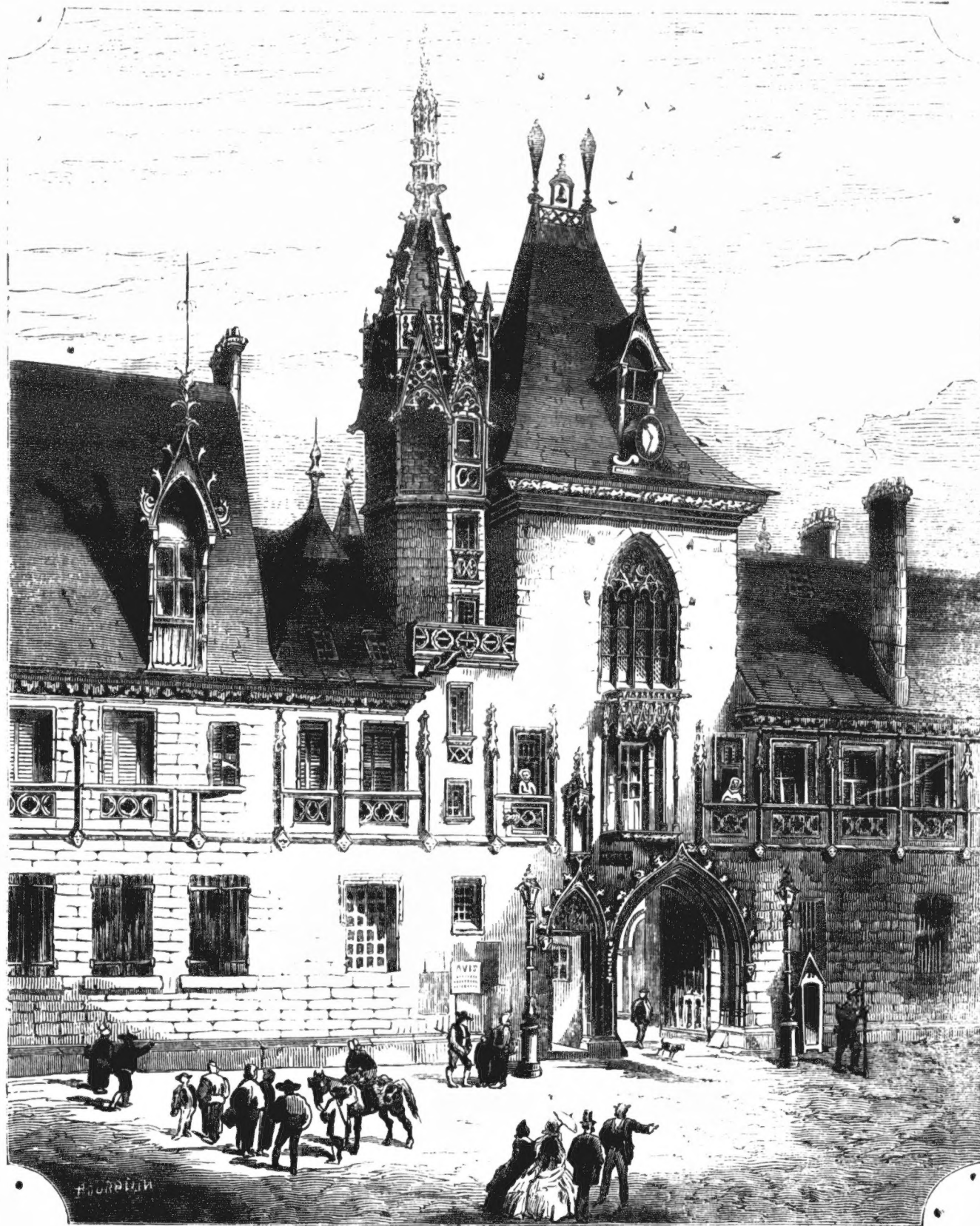
A RACE FOR LIFE.

THE correspondent of the *Grand Rapids Eagle*, an American paper, contains the following story:—"The Buffalo, Corry, and Pittsburg-road intersects the Lake Shore-road. The station at the junction is named Brockton, and from this point to Mayville, at the head of Chautauqua lake (a distance only of about ten miles), a train is carried over an elevation of 700 feet. From the station to the summit the grade is about eighty feet to the mile, with curves which increase the distance by four miles. It is over this road that the immense quantities of petroleum are brought. On Tuesday evening, about nine o'clock, a train consisting of six oil cars and two passenger cars reached the summit on its way to the junction. Here, by some cause as yet unexplained, one of the oil tanks took fire. The passenger cars were at once detached, and the brakes stopped them. Next the oil cars were cut off,

than seventy miles an hour, as the engineer declares, and as everybody can believe who witnessed the spectacle. The whole heavens were illuminated, and the landscape was lit up as by the noonday light. Onward and downward flew the engine, and behind it flew and thundered the huge fiery demon. Twice its prodigious weight was driven against the fugitive, as if instinct with a purpose to drive it from the track. It seemed as if to the heroic engineer and fireman there was a perfect environment of peril. The speed of the engine was such that it ceased to pump; then again the Cincinnati express was due at the junction at this time. The engineer of the oil train whistled 'open switch,' and shaking hands with the fireman, they bade each other farewell, knowing that their lives depended on the opening of the Lake Shore switch by their friends below, and this was to imperil the express train coming down from the West with its human freight. The engineer who was on this train saw the fire when it first broke out at the summit, and supposing

PAUPERISM.

THE number of paupers in England and Wales on the 1st of January, 1869, is stated at 1,046,569 in an official return prepared by the Poor Law Board. This is an increase of 6,466, or 0.6 per cent. over the number a year before, 168,417 were indoor paupers, an increase of 5,337; and 878,152 were outdoor paupers, an increase of 1,129. 183,162 were adult able-bodied paupers, a decrease of 2,468, or 1.3 per cent.; 51,695 of these were males, of whom 11,268 were in the workhouse and 40,427 were receiving outdoor relief, and the other 131,467 were females, 18,558 in the workhouse and 112,909 receiving outdoor relief. Children under 16 relieved with able-bodied parents are classed as able-bodied, and consequently the whole number of able-bodied persons in receipt of relief on the 1st of January, 1869, is stated as 473,187. The not able-bodied were 521,759; the insane 44,819; vagrants 7,620. Classed in another way, the numbers are as follows:—Men, 223,078; women, 438,515; children under



THE VOLUNTEERS IN BELGIUM.—STREET ARCHITECTURE IN BRUGES.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)

and the locomotive, tender, and a box car, containing two horses and two men, passed down the road, the engineer supposing that the brakemen on the oil cars would arrest the course of those; but what was his horror, on looking back, to see the six cars in pursuit of him down the grade, enveloped in flames. They not only pursued but overtook him, striking the box car with inconceivable force, knocking the horses and men flat upon the floor, and yet almost miraculously not throwing the engine from the track. It was now with the engineer a race for life, and he gave the engine every ounce of steam. Looking south from the place of my residence at that terrible juncture, one of the most magnificent spectacles was witnessed that a man sees in a lifetime. A sheet of intensely bright flame, sixty feet high, was seen coming down that southern slope, apparently with the speed of a meteor, and really very nearly the speed of a hurricane (eighty miles an hour), for pursuer and pursued flew over the course, or rather down it, and around the curves at the rate of more

he could clear the junction before the flaming terror reached it, he, too, put his engine to the utmost speed on a level grade. A mile short of the junction he saw that the effort was a vain one, for the flying conflagration had rushed out upon the Lake Shore track, and was roaring onward in the direction of Dunkirk. He checked the headlong rush of his own train and brought it to a standstill. It did not proceed until three o'clock in the morning. The case took in another danger, and it was imminent. A heavy freight train was coming up the Lake Shore-road. All I will say of the escape of this is that it did escape to the side track, and only escaped by the last minute of possibility. Running on to a safe distance from the depot, the engineer of the oil train detached his engine and left the six cars to consume. He says the situation was fully realised by him. He expected to lose his life. At every moment he expected the engine to leave the track. He saw that he was going at a perilous rate of speed, but there was no help for it."

16, 378,172; vagrants, 7,020, not classed by sex. The proportion of paupers, therefore, was, on the 1st of January, 1 in 19 of the population, or 5.3 per cent. The number in the metropolis was 156,109, a decrease of 7,070 as compared with the 1st of January, 1868; in the south-eastern division, 107,220, an increase of 1,753; in the south-midland, 88,801, an increase of 4,207; in the eastern, 83,463, an increase of 2,176; in the south-western, 117,142, an increase of 2,358; in the west midland, 114,185, a decrease of 218; in the north midland, 58,688, an increase of 1,159; in the north western, 111,444, a decrease of 3,131; in Yorkshire, 71,655, an increase of 1,396; in the northern division, 52,754, an increase of 992; in the Welsh, 85,108, an increase of 2,867. This is a census taken at an unfavourable period of the year; on the 1st of July, 1868, the number of paupers was less by 75,000. On the other hand, nearly 1 per cent. must be added to the figures on account of parishes not under the Poor Law Board and making no return.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

HOLBORN THEATRE ROYAL.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Long Acre.

GLOBE THEATRE.

CHARING-CROSS.

SADLER'S-WELLS THEATRE.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE.--Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
POLYTECHNIC.--Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from
 Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk and from Seven till Ten.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

RESHERVILLE GARDENS.—Miscellaneous Amusements.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; House of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermy-n-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Science's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Royal Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

THE
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.			Per Line	
	s. d.		s. d.	
PROSPECTUSES OF NEW COMPANIES, REPORTS OF MEETINGS AND ELECTIONS...	7	11s 10	6	after 1 6
PUBLIC COMPANIES, &c.	4	do.	4	do. 1 0
AUCTIONS, TRADES, AMUSEMENTS, BOOKS, CHARITIES, MISCELLANEOUS	5	do.	2 6	do. 0 6
Ditto, ditto, Leader Page	5	do.	5 0	do. 1 0
PARAGRAPH ADVERTISEMENTS	5	do.	7 6	do. 0 6
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS...	5	do.	2 6	do. 1 6
DOMESTIC SERVANTS Wanting Places	4	do.	1 0	do. 0 3
SITUATIONS VACANT	4	do.	1 0	do. 0 3

N.B.—Advertisements may appear across
TWO OR MORE COLUMNS
 AT AN EXTRA CHARGE
 of 25 per cent., according to the space they occupy, whether displayed
 or not.

NOTICE TO GENERAL ADVERTISERS.

The "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS" is a Family Paper of immense circulation. Unlike the ordinary weekly newspaper, it is preserved as a permanent Illustrated Record of the Events of the Day, and its consequent value to all kinds of advertisers cannot be over-estimated.

Post-office Orders for Advertisements should be addressed to the Publisher, Mr. E. Griffiths, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

Postage-stamps received for amounts up to 20s.

Office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, care of the Publisher,
13, Catherine-street, Strand.

The Illustrated Weekly News
AND LONDON HERALD.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

THE VOLUNTEER FETES IN BELGIUM.

The *fêtes* just concluded at Liège and Brussels, and to which our volunteers for the sixth time were invited, were in commemoration of the declaration of Belgian Independence. It was in the month of September, 1830, that the Dutch troops left Brussels for the last time, and Belgium was proclaimed to be separated from the Netherlands. The interest of the two States had proved to be diametrically opposed, and Belgium, not unnaturally insisted on a separation. But although the divorce was formally pronounced, the husband desired to regain possession of his late partner. In 1831, therefore, the Dutch attacked Belgium, and, but for the interference of some fifty thousand French bayonets, King Leopold might possibly have lost his newly acquired crown. The Belgian *fêtes* have consequently a very definite significance of their own, and the presence of a large body of French National Guards at the Liège Tir, so far from being a political incongruity, is an incident of peculiar and historic fitness. France and England are the foster mothers of Belgium, and nowhere could their citizen soldiers more appropriately meet than in the little kingdom which owes its creation and existence to them. The Belgian *fêtes* have hitherto been held in Brussels, and have not been of an international character. Grand rifle-shooting meetings have usually formed marked features of these *fêtes*. It is due to the men of Liège that this year an international character has been impressed upon the tir. The Riflemen of all countries have been freely invited to Belgium, and a motley assemblage of foreign Riflemen have assembled at Liège. As exponents of personal and national freedom, of patriotism and spontaneous devotion, their gathering together is significant of the tendency of modern thought and aspiration.

Year after year the exchange of visits between the Volunteers of England and the Riflemen of Belgium takes place notwithstanding the difficulties and discouragements in the way. At no time did it seem probable that an established annual custom would be developed out of these somewhat desultory international gatherings, and yet their uninterrupted recurrence points to the possibility of this end being arrived at. The reason of this is simple. Ceremonious civilities once started are not, in any phase of life, easily dropped, however irksome they may prove. A visit paid or a hospitality tendered must, it is felt, be returned. The obligation is felt and acted on, although the inconvenience be fully experienced. In the case of the Volunteers the desirableness of promoting friendly intercourse between the loyal citizens of two such countries as England and Belgium is unquestionable.

It is interesting to trace the rise and progress of the exchange of civilities between the Riflemen of Belgium and England, as illustrating the growth of important customs from trivial and chance beginnings. In 1864 a very small body of English Volunteers attended the *fêtes* and Tir at Brussels for the first time. In 1865, when the National Rifle Association objected to heading the movement for reciprocating the hospitality extended to our representatives at Brussels, the Anglo-Belgian Committee was formed to carry out the idea, and luckily the force numbered amongst its members some men of sufficient spirit to undertake the entertainment of the Belgian Civil Guards. That these gentlemen did their work thoroughly was evident from the *empressé* manner in which our Volunteers were invited the following year to the Brussels *fêtes*. In 1866, then,

a very considerable body of them visited Brussels, and in 1867 the Belgians, in greatly increased numbers, came to England, and by the help of the Queen and Miss Burdett Coutts they were on the whole tolerably, if not adequately, entertained. This comparative failure rather threw a damp upon the movement, and in 1863 but a very few English Volunteers went to Brussels. The Wimbledon meeting of the present year, however, attracted a body of Belgians, and we may suppose that they were pretty well satisfied with the reception accorded to them, for the men of Liège and the adjacent towns pressed invitations on our Volunteers, with a cordiality that could not be mistaken. There is something underlying these interchanges of semi-military amenities that in a great measure accounts for and gives value to them. Defence, not defiance, is the motto of all actual or quasi-volunteers, and the meetings at Brussels, Liège, and Wimbledon indicate a sturdy spontaneous patriotism of the defensive order alone.

THE PRISON OR THE WORKHOUSE.

It is not easy to conceive a state of circumstances in which a housebreaker shall appear before society in an amiable light; but, difficult as it is, it is not impossible. There are men who come into the world with propensities which may be put either to a good or a bad use according to their training. Some who have not had the fortune to be well trained, but who have not been tempted to the more disreputable courses of ill-regulated youth, have still contracted habits which they have hardly perceived till they have gained the mastery in their minds. By little and little they have allowed this or that propensity to get the better of them till they have become almost powerless to resist the temptation to indulge it. A familiar example of this is the case, well known to physicians, of men who, possibly from an ardent temperament acting upon an ill-balanced and ill-educated mind, have become so habituated to the use of stimulants that, with the clearest and keenest sense of the misery they are preparing for themselves, they cannot resist their inclination. Perhaps there is no vice more widely destructive. But apart from the thousands who love the danger and perish in it, there are a few who seek refuge from it by placing themselves voluntarily under restraint when they feel the fit coming upon them. They are a very small per-centage of those who would do well to follow their example. But few as they are, they denote a means of reformation, or at least a harbour of refuge. In a Christian country there should exist a similar resource for all backsliders who are disposed to amend their ways. This position is not likely to be controverted. We are essentially a good-natured people, as ready to forgive our enemies as to thrash them, and above all things, willing to let bygones be bygones. The burglar who has disturbed our night's repose, and perhaps has knocked us rather freely about the head, is not excepted from this charitable sentiment. If he is truly disposed to amend the error of his ways, we profess ourselves anxious to do all that in us lies to lift him out of the broad path and put him into the narrow one. But the most benevolent feelings require a *modus operandi*, and, as far as burglars are concerned, it is doubtful whether there exists as yet an organisation capable of laying hold of them in their penitent mood, and aiding them to consolidate the tears of contrition into habits of honest industry.

A few days ago a ticket-of-leave man, who had been liberated from Millbank prison in January last, after having been in penal servitude for housebreaking, came before the police-magistrate at Greenwich charged, upon his own confession, with having broken the conditions of his licence. He said he had failed to report himself monthly to the police. He appears to have been in a starving condition, and though it was competent for him to have applied to the parish for help, he seems to have considered gaol accommodation better or less disreputable than the workhouse. He therefore petitioned the magistrate to send him back to prison in order to complete his sentence. But there was something more than this in his statement. In accounting for the time which had elapsed since he left Millbank he said that he had spent part of it at sea, and that subsequently he had travelled all over the country seeking employment, but had been unable to obtain it. The magistrate held that he had not violated the provisions of the Habitual Criminals Act; that he was not, therefore, qualified for readmission into Millbank, and that his only resource was—the workhouse.

As far as the facts of this case enable us to form an opinion, the burglar in question seems to have been willing to put his hands to honest labour if he could get it. He was not able to do so, and rather than return to a life of crime he preferred being sent back to prison. If after being released from prison a criminal—even a housebreaker—searches for employment in vain through nine months, and, failing to obtain it, asks to be sent back to prison, there must be something out of joint.

DREADFUL CONFLAGRATION AT BORDEAUX
—THE HARBOUR ON FIRE, TWENTY SHIPS
IN FLAMES.

The following is a copy of a telegram forwarded by Lloyd's agent at Bordeaux at one o'clock on Wednesday morning to Mr. Stephenson, secretary of Lloyd's:—

"BORDEAUX, Sept. 29.--The harbour is on fire. Twenty ships are now burning. It is blowing a hurricane from the south and now high water. Cannot at present estimate the limit of damage, as it is impossible to clear the burning vessels from the stream. The fire was caused from the ignition of a lighter loaded with petroleum."

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Sept. 27.

Reinforcements for Cuba left Cadiz yesterday. The number of prisoners arrested at Barcelona amount to 124. No further disturbances have occurred. The National Guard of Madrid have offered their assistance in maintaining order.

Yesterday a rising of the militia took place at Villafranca de Pomades, but the men laid down their arms as soon as the result of the Barcelona insurrection was known. The rails have been torn up on the line between Sabadell and Monistrol.

THE JOURNEY OF THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

VENICE, Sept. 28.

The French imperial yacht *Aigle* arrived here to-day. The Empress Eugénie is expected on the 2nd of October.

SICILY.

CATANIA, Sept. 26.

An eruption of Mount Etna took place to-day. On the eastern side of the mountain two torrents of lava are flowing into the Valle del Bue.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 21.

The Porte has received an intimation that the Crown Prince of Prussia purposes visiting the Sultan in the course of October next. The Salis Bazaar Palace will be prepared for his reception.

INDIA.

BOMBAY, August 31 (*via* Brindisi).

The farewell dinner to Lord Napier of Magdala, who proceeds to England by to-day's mail, was given in the hall of the Civil Engineering College, Poona, on the 27th inst. Their Excellencies the Governor and Sir Augustus Spencer were present. The Hon. Mr. Justice Tucker occupied the chair.

AMERICA.

Dr. Hall, the Arctic explorer, has arrived at New Bedford from Repulse Bay, after an absence of five years. He discovered the skeletons of several of Sir John Franklin's party at King William's Land, and he brings numerous relics of the Franklin expedition.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.

President Grant has appointed Mr. Frederick Law, of California, United States Minister to China.

Intelligence has been received, *via* Havana, announcing that several severe shocks of earthquake occurred at St. Thomas on the 17th inst. No lives were lost, and there was no serious damage done.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.

Prince Arthur was cordially welcomed at Montreal on Saturday, at Toronto on Monday, and at London yesterday. The American press continue to publish articles urging his Royal Highness to pay a visit to the United States.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.

A Cabinet Council will be held to-morrow specially to consider Cuban affairs.

Prince Arthur visited the Industrial Exhibition yesterday at London.

MONTREAL, Sept. 27.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur visited the Niagara Falls to-day.

OTTAWA, Sept. 28.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, accompanied by Governor Sir John Young, visited Buffalo yesterday, and dined with ex-President Fillmore.

Our Engraving on Page 1480 illustrates an interesting point in the journey, of which we have already given particulars.

APPALLING TRAGEDY NEAR PARIS.

A crime unparalleled in magnitude and atrocity has been perpetrated near Paris, and is creating an unheard of sensation. On Monday morning last week a farm labourer living at Pantin, a suburban village just outside the fortifications to the north-east of Paris, was crossing a field on his way to his work, when his attention was caught by large flakes of blood in a piece of waste ground, part of which appeared to have been ploughed or dug by an inexperienced hand. Whilst pondering on how the blood could have got there, he saw something white under a clod of earth and pulled it out. It was a white pocket handkerchief literally drenched with gore, and on removing it he saw a human hand sticking out of the ground. He immediately ran off to the Commissary of police, and soon returned to the spot with assistance. Spades having been procured, a discovery was made which struck horror into the hearts of all who beheld it. Six corpses successively came to light, as shovelfull after shovelfull of earth was removed, evidently those of a mother and five children, all of them literally cut to pieces, and one or two of the bodies hacked and hewed in a manner too sickening to describe. The first body discovered was that of a little girl of 7, fearfully hacked about the neck; the second that of a boy of 14; the third that of a little girl, a mere baby—her abdomen had been laid open, and the intestines fell out as the body was taken up; but her face, like that of the other victims, had been gashed over, possibly with a view to prevent identification; the fourth was the body of the mother, a woman about 35—and then two lads of about 12 and 16. The former had been butchered in a hideous way; his head was cut to pieces, and one of his eyes had been forced from the orbit. The bodies had been laid at the feet of each other, and were covered by about three feet of earth, and the murderer or murderers had tried to give the ground the appearance of ploughed land, forming it into furrows. The victims were all most respectably dressed; one of the boys wore the uniform of one of the *lycées*; they all had some money in their pockets, the mother's earrings had not been touched, and one of the boys had a watch. The bodies were taken to the Morgue, where it was ascertained that the mother was encointe.

The spot on which the crime was committed is situated at about 250 yards from the cotton-mills of MM. Chartier and

Bresson, and a watchman in that factory is said to have heard at about a quarter past twelve at night screams of children and the words, "Mamma! mamma!" A porter of the railway station also remarked cries about the same time, and in the midst of which he distinguished the voice of a man. He, however, thought that some drunkards were quarrelling in the field, and as such an occurrence was not uncommon, he did not go to see what was taking place. The man who first discovered the bodies is named Langlois, and lives at L. Villette. Throughout the Tuesday the approaches to the Morgue were thronged, and a strong force of police was required to keep order; and the excitement has continued to increase to this time. On Tuesday the rumour prevailed that the crime had been committed by the father of the children and his eldest son, who had passed some days at the Hotel du Chemin de Fer du Nord, 12, Boulevard Demain, and went by the name of Jean Kinck, mechanic, of Roubaix. On Sunday evening, about six, a well-dressed woman with five children came and inquired for this young man, and was told he was out. "Oh!" said she, "I have arrived two hours earlier than I was expected; I will return." When she afterwards called again, he had not come in, and she seemed surprised. She engaged two bed rooms for herself and her children, and left a packet and a wicker-basket containing linen. Neither she nor the children were again seen. As to Kinck, he did not reappear until eight o'clock the next morning, when he entered hurriedly with another man, went up to his room, and changed his clothes. A few minutes after they both went out and never returned. The clothes left off were afterwards found to be stained with blood. The post-mortem examination showed that the unfortunate mother was struck 23 times with the knife or hatchet, while on the six bodies the surgeons have counted not less than 167 wounds. On the Wednesday afternoon the police caused the trench, around which a great number of curious persons continued to collect, to be filled up. A stone slab was placed on the spot where the body of the mother was found.

From last Monday's impression of *Galignani* we take the following:—"The whole interest of this dreadful and most extraordinary crime is now concentrated in the confession of a young man arrested at Havre, and who turns out to be, not young Kinck as was first conjectured, but a workman who aided the father and son in massacring the whole family." The *Journal du Havre* gives the following details:—

"The horrible affair at Pantin is one of those which will remain for ever in the French judicial annals. The investigation commenced demands the greatest circumspection in the publication of the details. A certainty has now been arrived at that three persons were associated in the perpetration of this lugubrious drama, although up to this moment only one has been arrested. It is therefore of great importance to avoid all the indications calculated to impede the action of justice against the two others. One may, however, say that the reality, to judge from the present state of the examination, will greatly surpass in horror even the most dramatic versions of the story. The three murderers are Jean Kinck, the father; Gustave, his son; and a third person, who has on several occasions given himself the false name of Jean Kinck. This is the man who was so fortunately arrested at Havre, by the maritime gendarme Ferrand. The real name of the criminal is Traupmann. Papers found in his possession prove his identity, and show that he was a working mechanic at Roubaix. His accomplices appear to have made one of the most active instruments of their crime. He it was who had the mission to prepare, at Paris, the execution of the affair, and to direct all the material details. Being alone in that city, he had a residence at the Hotel du Chemin de Fer du Nord, 12, Boulevard Demain, opposite the station. It was he who arranged the various preparatory rendezvous, all of which were held at the Café Parisien. Moreover, he was the man who went on Sunday evening to La Villette, No. 209, Rue de Flandre, to buy of the ironmonger Bellenger a shovel and pickaxe, in order to dig beforehand the graves of the victims; and he was the person who engaged a cab to transport to a desert spot, selected beforehand for the perpetration of the crime, the unfortunate Kinck family. This was the man who, according to the pre-arranged plan, had to bring each of the victims, one after the other, under the knives of the two other murderers. Lastly, he was the person whose business it was to prepare the flight after the deed had been committed. For that object he had come to Havre to find some ship in which he and his accomplices might quit France. Traupmann is said to have encountered at the very outset a difficulty in the execution of his horrible commission. After having caused the cab to stop at about 300 yards from Langlois's field, he invited Madame Kinck to accompany him alone. Two of the youngest children, terrified by the darkness, cried out several times, 'Mamma! Ah Mamma! We will go with you!' So that she was obliged unwillingly to allow them to accompany her. Kinck, the father, on seeing all at once his wife and two of his children coming up, could not repress an exclamation of terror, and turning to Traupmann he exclaimed, 'Ah! villain, you have betrayed me! A few words spoken to him in a low voice by the other explained everything. On the instant the father and son, together with Traupmann, rushed upon their victims, and a violent struggle immediately commenced between Madame Kinck and her executioners. The poor woman, being in the vigour of life and stimulated by the energy which the instinct of self-preservation supplied, succeeded in wresting the knife out of her husband's hand. She then turned the weapon against him, wounding him in the arm, and would doubtless have contrived to escape had not the other assailants, after having massacred the children, assaulted her in their turn. And so the deed of blood was accomplished.

On its side, the *Courrier de Rouen* publishes a long account, a great portion of which coincides with what is given above. We select from it the following particulars:—

"The prisoner, when he reached the prison, declared that he would speak the next morning. He afterwards asked for the examining magistrate in order to make his disclosure. In the morning a new interrogatory took place, the result of which is that the individual, Jean Baptiste Traupmann, comes from Cernay (Seine-et-Oise). This individual had known Kinck, the father, with whom he had worked at Roubaix and at Paris, and whom he had lately met in the capital. The latter had expressed a desire to emigrate to America after having taken vengeance on his wife, whom he accused of infidelity. The interviews of the two men were held at the Café Parisien. With a view to obviate all suspicion, Traupmann had assumed the name of Jean Kinck with the owner's consent, and went to find a lodging where he could, being also authorised to open all letters arriving in his assumed appellation. The

son did not come to Paris at the same time as his father, but only shortly before the crime was committed. Except the precise nature of the vengeance, everything was arranged between the accomplices. The woman Kinck was written to requesting her to come to Paris. As she hesitated, a second letter was sent by Traupmann, under the pretext that her husband had sprained his wrist, and announcing that the latter had bought a house at Pantin. An appointment was made at the station, where she was to arrive at ten o'clock on Sunday night. But as she left by an earlier train she came before the stated hour, and as no one was there to meet her she went to the hotel, but the person she inquired for was not at home. She then returned to the railway to wait for her husband. At the time fixed Traupmann appeared, and put the whole party into a cab, to go and join the father and son. The spot where the crime was to be committed was selected beforehand. Moreover, the elder Kinck and Traupmann had arranged that the latter should conduct the mother alone to the place."

Then follows an account of the mother's arrival with the two children, and Kinck's exclamation of his being betrayed.

When the prisoner was brought by the side passage to the Rue de Rome, he was hurried into a hackney coach, M. Claude, head of the secret police, and an agent getting in with him, whilst another named Laurence mounted the box. The crowd, however, on learning the device to escape, rushed forward with such violence that the driver had barely time, by whipping up his horses, to get beyond pursuit. When taken to the Morgue, the confrontation of the murderer with his victims took place at once, and he named them all without hesitation and without showing any emotion. An interrogatory ensued which lasted nearly an hour, the prisoner persisting in his story that the elder Kinck had been actuated by jealousy, and had got his son and Traupmann to aid him. When he signed his name he spelt his name Traupmann with an "o," and not "au." He was much exhausted at the end of the examination, and is so feeble of person that no one can suppose that he could have committed such a slaughter without the aid of at least one assistant. When taken between six and seven o'clock to the prison Mazas, the crowd outside pursued him with cries of vengeance and groans. The Paris journals are unanimous in believing the two Kincks to be innocent of the murder of the family, the favourable opinion being based on the following circumstances:—From a long letter written by a friend of theirs, and published in the *Figaro*, it appears that the Kincks, husband and wife, lived together on friendly terms, and that the eldest son had never before quitted his mother.

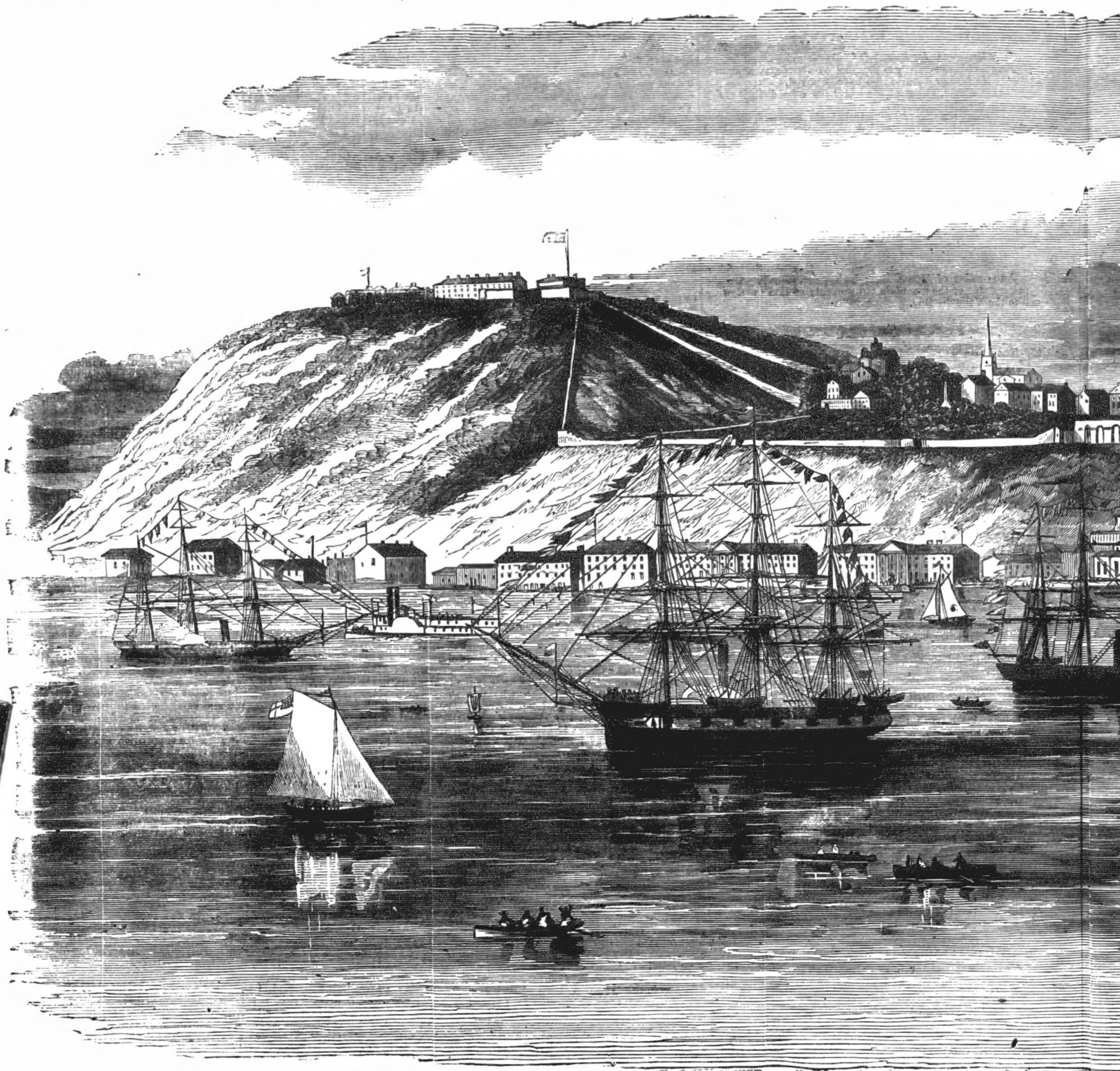
The following are the latest details from *Galignani*:—

The statement that Gustave Kinck's body had been found on Sunday not far from the trench in which his mother and the rest of the family had been laid, turns out to be perfectly correct. The discovery of the body took place in this manner:—A carman named Hugues, living at 39, Route d'Aubervilliers, at Pantin, while walking about the field like the rest of the persons attracted by motives of curiosity, suddenly felt a clod of earth sink beneath his foot. He thought, as he afterwards described his impressions, that he could hear a sort of subterranean echo, which answered to the noise of his footsteps. Without being versed in physics, as he modestly remarked to the commissary of police, he imagined he was walking over a hollow which ought not to be there. Being resolved to see if his supposition was correct, he knelt down and commenced removing the earth with his fingers; he presently came on part of a coat-skirt, and then on a corpse lying with its face downwards, the arms extended, and the fingers contracted; to the right hand was still attached a tuft of black hair. The authorities were immediately informed of this discovery and M. Roubaud, Commissary of Police at Pantin, proceeded to the spot with M. Alfonsi, the secretary, and M. Lugagne, the medical man who had been called to examine the bodies on the previous Monday. Before those gentlemen had arrived, a man, in moving a clod of earth with his foot, found some dark brown hair, which the people shared between them. The news got circulated with wonderful rapidity, and in a few minutes probably 30,000 persons were collected on the spot. A detachment of infantry, of about 120 men, from the Fort of Aubervilliers, came forward and formed around this new grave a wide circle, in the midst of which the authorities continued the search. This barrier being hardly sufficient to keep back the crowd, was strengthened by four gendarmes on horseback.

All the early part of Monday was occupied with researches of the field by private persons but nothing was found. At half-past three two ploughs arrived, and by order of the authorities began to turn the ground up regularly, an examining magistrate and several police agents superintending. A strong detachment of the 90th Regiment of the line also arrived and cleared the place for the horses. The crowd was extremely unwilling to be thrust back, and more than once seemed inclined to force the line.

Traupmann is at Mazas, in the large cell on the ground floor which serves as an infirmary. This room has three beds, and the murderer has for his companions two police agents, who do not quit him for an instant. During the night they keep watch in turns; moreover, the door of the cell is always kept open and the keepers are ever at hand. The criminal wears no strait-waistcoat or fetters of any kind; in fact, he is in such a state of depression and weakness that the precaution would be useless. He does not exchange a word with his keepers, but groans and sobs without ceasing.

A SILESIAN PAPER gives the following anecdote of Count Bismarck:—The peasants on the Count's estate had got into the bad habit of working on Sundays. The Count heard of it, and wrote to his bailiff, "There must be an end of that." The bailiff answered, "The people are not to blame. Six days, from morning to evening, they have to work on the estate, and yet they have their own bit of land to look after, and so they have only Sunday left to do it in." But the Count will not listen to such excuses, and writes back:—"From this time forward a new order is to be introduced. When my people have land, and their corn is ripe, they are to begin with their own first." The bailiff informs the peasants of the Count's commands, and adds, "But now no more work on Sundays." The result is that the peasants say to each other, "The master shall not lose a farthing by caring for us first, so let us work with a will," and they do it too. Never was the work done so well and so rapidly, and the bailiff could write to the Count a few days afterwards, "That was a capital bit, and nobody has had more advantage from it than we. It was all finished in the twinkling of an eye."



SALUTE OF VESSELS BEFORE QUEBEC ON THE ARRIVAL.

A Husband's Delirium.

I LEARNED in the first place to build organs, and after that it seemed natural to play on them. As for talent, I didn't believe I ever had any (a plain body like me), but after awhile folks began to make a fuss about my playing, and to say things I never half deserved about it. At last, as I sat at our organ—I say ours, for with Old Master Marvin I had been boy and man for twenty years—and it seemed home to me as I sat there playing bits from memory, for the day before I had been to hear the Roman Catholic Easter service, and it haunted me—playing, as I thought, to myself, only I heard some one behind me say: "Well done, Miles Stapleton," and, jumping up in a hurry I found Master Marvin and our clergyman, Mr. Stapleton, behind me.

"I've been treating you to a fine noise," I said turning red, "I know. But I didn't know any one was here."

"I've been delighted, Miles," said Mr. Stapleton.

"It's kind of you to say so, sir," said I.

"I want to hear more of you, Miles," said Mr. Stapleton.

"What will you have, sir?" asked I.

"Anything you like," said our clergyman. "But I want particularly to hear more of you on Sunday. Our old organist is going back to Germany. Will you take his place at his salary?"

"Do you really mean it? Could I do well enough?" asked I.

"We'll gain by the change," said Mr. Stapleton, and Master Marvin nodded. So I just made them a little bow, and felt prouder than if I had been elected President of the United States; and that is how I became organist of the Cross-roads Church, where I've played every Sunday for so many years now that perhaps we'd better not count them.

I was six-and-twenty then—a shy fellow enough, who had few young friends and had been content with my work and my music, but Mr. Stapleton, who liked to manage people, set to work to manage me.

"You haven't married, Miles," he used to say to me in a merry joking way he had. "Now, Miles, we don't want an old bachelor for an organist. Find a pretty wife—and there's old Homer's house—the organist's house ever since Cross-roads Church was built—to be had for a song."

"I like the European way of managing matters," said the Rev. Mr. Stapleton, marching up and down the organ loft, with his hands behind him, under his coat tails. "There, when you get an organist, you may have his son, and his grandson, and great grandson, all at the same organ. Here, whatever business a man has, he always tells his boys it's the worst in the world, and sets them at something else. Be European, Miles, and bring up a young organist with the family talent to take your place when you are superannuated."

Somehow, that set me thinking. It had never seemed that

this world had such things in store for me as a wife and babies; but now I used to wonder, as I passed the empty organist's home, whether it mightn't come to pass that I should live there one day—live there, as Mr. Stapleton said, with a pretty wife. The uglier a man is, the prettier he always wants his wife to be. It's only your handsome fellows that marry plain women; that's my excuse for setting my heart on beauty.

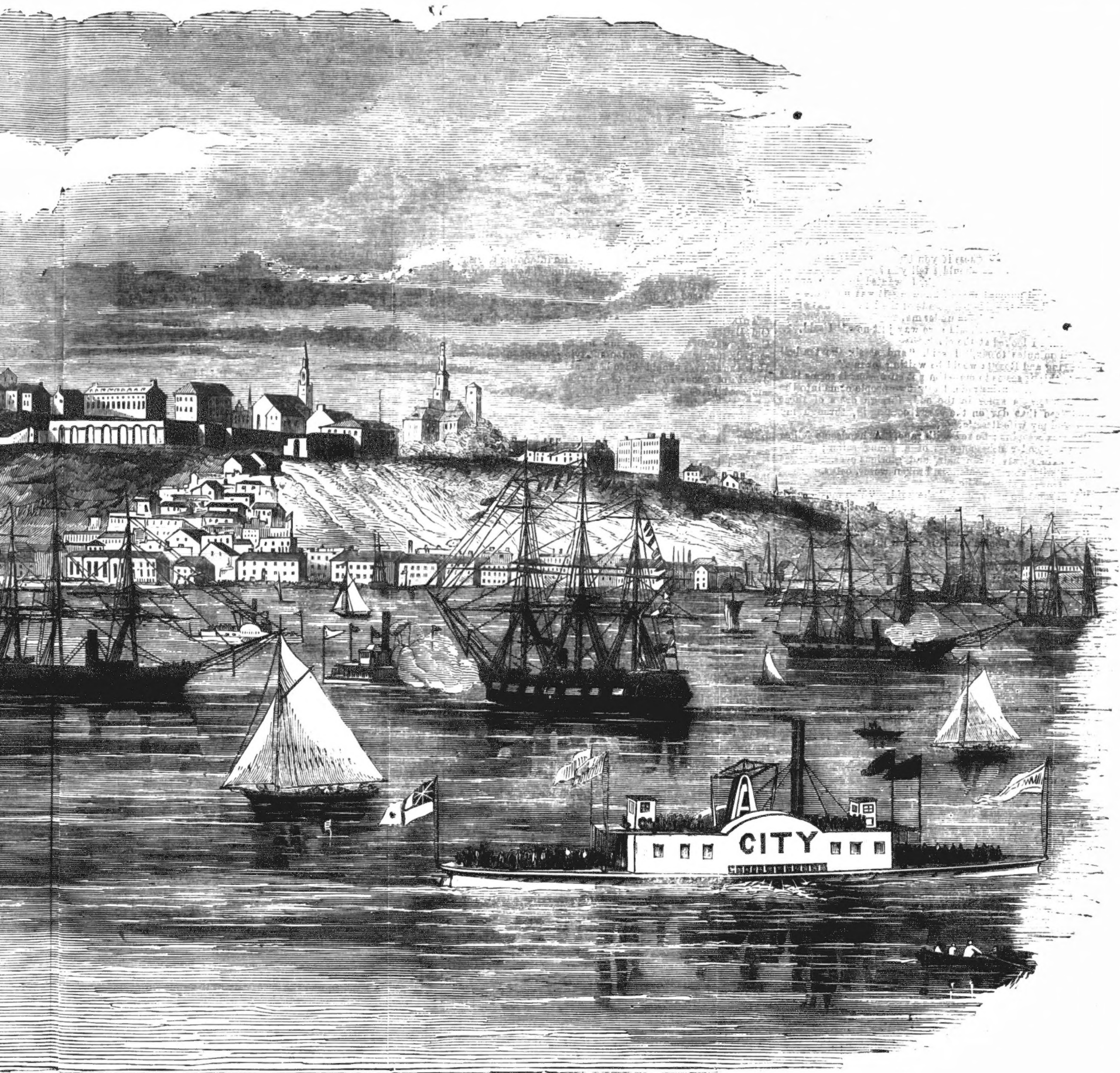
Whenever I should meet my wife, I felt sure I should know her in an instant. I know that I could never love and marry any one I had ever known, and that when I did love it would be a serious matter.

But a year passed, and my house was just as empty as before, and of all the pretty faces turned up towards the pulpit on Sunday, at Cross-roads Church, there wasn't one I fancied for my very own, any more than, likely, one of them fancied mine.

Did I tell you we were near the sea? We were. In a great storm you could hear the roar of the ocean, and at night, any time, the lighthouse lamp glittered and glimmered where I could see it from my window.

There never had been such a storm as that just over, when wild young Dick Harrow burst in upon me one morning, dressed in his boating clothes, his eyes sparkling, his red lips apart:

"Miles," said he, "there's a ship down below, going to pieces fast, and a dozen poor wretches clinging to her yet. I don't ask whether you will come with us—I know you will. We are going to try to help them."



THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCE ARTHUR.—(SEE PAGE 1484.)

Of course I went.

There lay the vessel—a French one—in a woeful plight, going to pieces as fast as she could go.

I hardly knew myself how great our risk was in going out to her, but the carsmen in the boat knew well. They risked their lives to save the poor things clinging to the frail thing about which the white waves frothed so madly.

"Miles," said Dick Harrow, at one moment when we were whirling blindly through the water, "if I've brought you to your death, will you forgive me?"

"I have no one to grieve for me," I said, "and we must all die sometime."

But my time was not then. Ten minutes after we were through the swell and under the wreck. There were ten living yet, and one lashed to a mast quite dead. Another storm was brewing. There was no time to be lost. Our two boats were filled as quickly as might be. The last one Dick brought in his arms and laid in mine. It was a woman—a girl, rather—quite insensible, but just the loveliest thing you ever saw.

"I'm afraid it's too late," said Dick, "but take care of her. By George! she looks like an angel!"

She did. All the way to shore I kept my eyes on her face. When we reached it, and Squire Turner bade us bring as many as we chose to his old homestead, the nearest house to the shore, I carried her there as I might a babe.

She lay in my arms. Her head dropped against my shoulder, her long hair floating over us both like a veil. It was black hair—the blackest I ever saw. Her eyes were a

little open; they were black also; and so were her long curling lashes.

Just then she was as pallid as a living woman could be, but her skin was flawless ivory. A scarlet shawl was wrapped about her, and knotted at the waist behind; her feet were bare. She must have been awakened from her sleep, to hear of the vessel's danger, for the rest of her dress was a white night-robe; but on her arm was a coral bracelet, a strange, foreign-looking thing, with a gold clasp, marked with two letters twisted together, R and C.

I did not know who she was. I did not know whether she would live or die—but, as I carried her up the long, sandy slope, I felt that in any case I had met the only woman I could ever love. If she were the wife of another, no one should ever be my wife. If she died I should never find my mate until I went to heaven. No one ever loved well and truly who does not fall in love just so. That is my belief, at any rate, and shouldn't it be so? We are over wise often. We think our judgment is everything, but when we give ourselves up to guidance it is better for us. In marriage, the angels are always ready to lead us to the very one that will make us the happiest, and love at first sight is the clue they give us.

Yes, I knew that she was mine, then when I first held her, not even knowing her name, in these brawny arms of mine. I don't mean to tell you much about my courting. There's not much to tell. She came to herself, this girl, hours after, at Squire Turner's, and she told them her story.

She was an orphan, and had crossed the ocean because in this land they told her it was easier to win bread. She spoke French and German as well as she did English. She painted, she sang, she embroidered. She wanted to be a governess, but she never found a place. One day, when we had known each other but a month, I said to her: "Do you think I could make you happy for life, Rosetta?"

She looked me full in the face; then her lashes drooped, and she began to weep.

"Please to go away for a little while," she said; "let me think. I cannot answer you now. To-morrow evening I will know better what to say."

And on the morrow evening I went back to her, and she said—

"Yes."

So the organist's house had a tenant soon. Two of them: my wife and I. I was very happy. So was she, I thought; though she would shiver when the sea moaned most loudly, and hide her face on my shoulder, and say she hated the sound. But who could wonder at this? We had been married a whole year, and it was May time before I ever saw anything more than this—but then, one day, when I had come in merely to tell her of a ship that lay below, a foreign vessel, with oddly dressed sailors on board, and had asked her to put on her bonnet and go down to the point; and had spoken of coral and shells that the sailors had to sell, she turned on me angrily—

"Why will you talk to me of shells, and coral, and sailors?"

she cried. "I hate the sea and ships and all belonging to them. I hate the sea! I hate the sea!" and had dashed into the room and locked the door after her.

That troubled me. No man likes to see ill-temper in his wife. And then there came a doubt into my mind. Was there in her life something I had never heard of? It troubled me greatly.

I walked out of the door and felt very wretched as I paced the great lane outside our house for a while; but I soon drove the fancies away, and made up my mind to spend the rest of the afternoon with the organ.

It was out of order, or I pretended it was, so that I might bother with it; just as you see a mother curl her pet child's hair, or loop its sleeves afresh, when nothing is amiss, for the pleasure of doing it.

I went back to the house and got my tools, and then crossed the grass-plot, and jumped the fence into the church-yard. On one side the lilacs were in bloom for the first. Nothing is ever so sweet as the first bunch of lilacs. I picked a piece and put it in my button-hole. Then I sauntered into the church.

I went up into the organ loft at once and set to work. What I did you may guess if you build organs; if not you wouldn't know, so why should I tell you?

But, in the course of the work, I wanted to reach one of the pipes, and perched myself knowing it was not quite safe all the while, on the side balustrade of the loft. It was of old worn wood. I felt it shake under me.

"A pretty joke if it should give way just now," I said.

And then I looked at the clock.

"Ten minutes to six," I said, "and at six the tea bell would ring and Rosetta would be waiting for me."

After this it seems to me—I'm not sure—but it seems that standing on the balustrade, I saw two people come into the church below—a sailor in the odd, foreign dress of those I had seen that day on the vessel coming in, through my glass, and my wife Rosetta.

She was weeping; he red with rage. A handsome fellow with the slender litheness of a young sailor; a nut-brown skin, glossy raven hair, and glorious eyes. He was uttering wild, stormy sentences, broken words, oaths. She strove to silence him.

"You must go away, Jack," she said. "You must see me no more. It is wrong to meet you so. What if he should find us?"

"I'd kill him," said the sailor. "You were mine—promised to me. A woman's oath is worth little. I've searched the world over for you, to keep my faith, and you have broken yours. Married to another man; why, I can't believe it, even now; and I your lover so many years. Why the time when you were to be my wife has been before me ever since we parted. I've given no other girl a thought, and you jilt me for this landsman."

She wept again.

"News came that you were dead," she said. "I loved you, Jack, and it nearly broke my heart; but when alone in a strange land without a friend, he was so kind—so good! What could I do? I thought you dead, Jack—dead."

"And you love me still—there's a comfort in that!" said the sailor. "Don't weep, lass. Our ship is down below. Married or not you belong to me, for I love you."

Then she gave a scream—a little stifled scream.

"Hush!" she said, "hush! hush! I am a wife. He does not deserve such treatment—my good, kind husband. Leave me, Jack, leave me. Let the dead—past go. Leave me!"

"Do you love the fellow?" cried the sailor—"love him? answer me!"

I listened for the answer, feeling the blood rush to my head, growing blind and deaf; but it was drowned by the striking of the clock—one, two, three, four, five, six—with a whirr, and rattle, and groan after every stroke; and then—well, what then? Do you know? I do not; I never shall. Phantom sailors were climbing shadowy masts. Waves were leaping shoreward that, as they broke, changed into mermen with sailors' hats and collars. I was at sea again, and my wife lay in my arms as when I first found her. I saw the ivory face, the black hair, the coral bracelet; but there was always some strange chance—some mad end. Fiends snatched her from my arms. The boat parted, and we sank to unfathomable depths with chattering sea-things about us; and there were rocks, and coral, and devil-fish, and sailors again leering and mocking me; and then a whirl—a rush—howling voices—awful, half-seen spectres—chaos, and darkness, and nothing!

Out of all this, the peaceful stillness of an autumn evening, and a woman's voice murmuring a lullaby—I was at home. I lay weak as a child upon my pillow. My wife bent over me. Near by, Mr. Stapleton and Master Marvin stood together.

"He knows me," cried my wife. "Oh, Jack!"

I tried to remember. My eyes wandered about the room. Dahlia stood in a pitcher on the mantel.

"Great Heavens! are the Dahlia out?" I cried. "I had lilac in my button-hole when—when—"

And then it all came back to me.

I sat up in bed, clutching my wife's white fingers.

"Did you love him?" I asked. "The sailor—your old sweetheart?"

She looked truthfully, solemnly into my eyes.

"Miles," she said, "I love no man on earth but you. What have you been dreaming?"

"Rosetta!" I cried, "Rosetta! If you are deceiving me—"

But she crossed the room and stooped to a cradle that stood there, and brought something wrapped in a soft blanket to my bedside.

"Darling," she said, "put those wild fancies from you. Before heaven, I love no human being as I love you—not even your child," and she laid her baby in my bosom.

Then I said, "Yes, I have been dreaming, Rosetta."

They tell me that I fell with the broken balustrade and hit my head against a pew below, where my wife found me—as the clock struck six, and she came to call me to tea—lying quite insensible. So that the sailor was a phantom and his words a phantom's utterance.

But it will seem to me—do what I may,—that all happened as I have set it down. I shall never know the truth. I shall never speak of it again. Whether it were fact or fancy, she is true and pure, and I know that the words she uttered when she laid our babe in my arms came from her soul. She loves me now—at least—me only of all men on earth; and why should I vex myself to know for certain whether the balustrade of the organ loft broke as the clock struck six or ten minutes before, since I am so very happy?

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

TOSSED BY A BULL.—Last week a man named Rokey, employed on a farm at Davidstowe, Cornwall, was tossed three times by one of his master's Bulls. His collar-bone was broken, and he was otherwise seriously injured.

EDWARD PULLEN, who was acquitted last week of being accessory to the concealment of the birth of his niece's child in Great Wild-street, has since been convicted at the Old Bailey of an assault upon his wife and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

FATAL GUN ACCIDENT.—A fatal gun accident has occurred in Orkney. Mr. Heddle, of Melsetter, was out shooting with one of his sons, and the dog having tripped the latter his gun went off and the contents lodged in his father, who was instantly killed. Mr. Heddle was in the prime of life, and has left a family. He was an influential proprietor, and took a leading part with the Conservatives in the last election.

THE OLD KENT-ROAD OUTRAGE.—Thomas Paul, aged thirty-five, shoemaker, was indicted at the Old Bailey for feloniously wounding Charlotte Peake, with intent to murder her. In other counts he was charged with intending to disable her, and to do her grievous bodily harm. The prisoner was found guilty, and previous convictions having been proved, he was sentenced by Mr. Justice Hayes to penal servitude for the rest of his life.

THIEVING OPPOSITE NEWGATE.—A grocer's shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the entrance to the Central Criminal Court, was broken into a few nights ago and completely sacked, nearly all its contents having been taken away. How the thieves should have been able to carry off at least 3 cwt of goods in front of Newgate, a place which is supposed to be well guarded at night by the police, is at present a mystery.

SHOOTING AT A GIRL.—Before Mr. Justice Hayes, a man named William Rowntree was tried for shooting at Eliza Raven, in Bermondsey. The witnesses for the defence showed that the prisoner had been drinking during the evening, and his mother said the girl had aggravated him very much during the few days before; that his brother was in a lunatic asylum, and that he also had shown signs lately of weakness of mind. The jury found him guilty of unlawfully wounding, and he was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

AN ABSCONDING FRIAR.—A Trappist friar at the Abbey of Bellfontaine, near Cholet, France, has just taken flight with the funds of the community, of which he was cashier and accountant. The fathers of the order were aware that the delinquent was a liberated convict, but he had persuaded them that he had been in 1852 the victim of a persecution for his political opinions, and that the transportation he had undergone at Cayenne was the work of his enemies. The sum which he has now carried off is said to amount to upwards of 4,000fr.

CHARLOTTE BURCHILL, a young girl living at Stratford-on-Avon, recently attempted to cut the throat of Arthur Stephens, the son of a farmer with whom she had lived, and threatened to renew the attack unless he eloped with her. He consented, and they walked all night through a storm of wind and rain; but on reaching Stratford next morning, a telegram having preceded them, the girl was arrested, taken before the magistrates, and remanded. At the adjourned hearing, Stephens refused to appear against his sweetheart, and she was discharged.

FATAL VELOCIPEDE ACCIDENT.—An insurance agent in Glasgow and his son and daughter, aged respectively eight and three years of age, were riding in a three-wheeled velocipede carriage on the road leading from the north gate of the West-end Park towards the bridge which crosses the Kelvin, opposite the university, when the machine swerved to the right, and rushed down the descent, through the hedge, and into the river. A gentleman who witnessed the occurrence succeeded in rescuing the father and son, but recent heavy rains having caused the Kelvin to rise to an unusual height, the strength and force of the current carried off the little girl, and she was drowned.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—On Saturday morning, shortly before six o'clock, a man named Alfred Sawyer was crossing the lines which converge in different directions at Stewart's-lane Junction, on the Brighton Railway, to get to his work in the sheds of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, when he was knocked down by a light engine of the London and North-Western Railway Company, which at that moment came round a curve. The man fell across the rails, and the wheels of the carriages passed over the middle of his body, nearly cutting it in two. Death must have been instantaneous. A similar accident occurred on Friday at Wandsworth-road Station, which is only about 600 yards from Stewart's-lane. A policeman named Newferne, while crossing the line, was knocked down and killed by a train.

TIGHT LACING.—Dr. Lankester has held an inquest at the College Arms, Crowndale-road, Camden-town, on the body of Clara Smart, aged 19. The deceased, who lived at 203, Caledonian-road, with her parents, went out on Wednesday last week for the purpose of visiting some friends in the Polygon, Somers-town. She was out three hours with a perambulator, in which was one child, and as she neared her destination she fell down insensible. She was taken to 10, Polygon, where upon examination by Dr. Smellie she was found to be quite dead. It was discovered that she was very tightly laced, and Dr. Smellie stated that death was caused by effusion of blood on the brain, caused by fatty heart, accelerated by compression of the chest, produced by tight lacing. The jury returned a verdict in those terms.

COMMITTAL OF TWO CONSTABLES FOR CONSPIRACY.—At the Canterbury Police court on Monday, two constables of the local police, named Banks and Bennett, were committed to take their trial at the ensuing assize for the county of Kent on a charge of conspiring together to incite another man to commit felony. The evidence implicating the accused was to the effect that Bennett went to an oast (a place used for drying hops) and endeavoured to induce a man engaged there to let him have some hops. The complicity of Banks in the transaction was alleged through his having engaged the services of a carrier to remove the hops, cautioning him to be careful how he did it, or the matter would be found out. He also represented to the carrier that with care the affair could be easily worked, and arranged to watch their superior officer off the beat prior to the hops being removed. The prisoners were admitted to bail.

LOSS OF FOUR LIVES.—On Monday evening a distressing boat accident, involving the loss of four lives, took place on the river Yare, near Trowse Eye, Norwich. It appears that on Monday four persons, named Alfred Thorold, Margaret

Thorold (his wife), Thomas Barfield, and a man named Fuller proceeded to Bramerton on a pleasure excursion. Their destination was reached in due course, and in the evening about half-past six they left on the return voyage to Norwich. A small river steamer left Bramerton about half an hour later also for Norwich, and on nearing Trowse Eye some of the passengers observed a capsized boat floating on the river. Search was at once made, and at 10 p.m. the body of Mrs. Thorold was discovered. A careful search was continued, and the bodies of two of the men were recovered in the course of the night. The fourth body had not been found up to a late hour on Tuesday.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT NEAR BOLTON.—An accident occurred about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon at Mopley Common, near Bolton. Two men named Joseph Wolstenholme, fireman, and James Evans, engineer, were descending the Sinking Pit, belonging to the Bridgewater Trustees, for the purpose of making an underground inspection. When they had got about halfway down the shaft the engine, which was in charge of a young man named Daniel Hilton, by some means or other ran away, smashing the head gearing over the pit mouth as well as the wire cord, weighing about three tons, and precipitating the unfortunate men to the bottom of the pit, a distance of about 100 yards. Hearing of the accident the Hon. Algernon Egerton, M.P., hastened to the spot, and for several hours superintended the operations for the recovery of the bodies. This was not accomplished, however, until eight o'clock at night, when the men were found in the dip hole quite dead. Wolstenholme was 50 years of age, and leaves a widow and six children. Evans was 25 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children.

WRECK OF A LARGE BARQUE.—New Brighton, Sunday.—This morning, during a strong north-westerly wind, and in squally weather, a barque with a signal of distress flying was seen ashore on Taylor's Bank (says the Rev. R. D. Fowell). The William and Arthur, tubular life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution, thereupon proceeded out to her under canvas. The flood tide making, the life-boat was unable to fetch the wreck, and was obliged to take the assistance of the steam-tug Rock Light to tow her to the spot. She then went alongside and rescued those on board, consisting of 18 persons, being the master and crew of 14 men, two passengers, and one "stowaway." The boat then proceeded in tow of the steamer to New Brighton, when the shipwrecked persons were transferred to the steamer, which proceeded with them to Liverpool. The vessel was the barque Empress, of Prince Edward's Island, bound thence for Liverpool with a general cargo. She has become a total wreck. The two life-boats at New Brighton and the one at Holyhead were the gift to the Life-boat Society of Mr. Joseph Lather, of Liverpool.

SHOCKING DISCOVERY AT THE LONDON-BRIDGE STATION.—On Sunday night an occurrence was brought to light at the London-bridge Station of the South-Eastern Railway which caused considerable excitement. It appeared that between five and six o'clock a boy, on going into the ladies' waiting-room for the purpose of lighting the lamp, discovered a large quantity of blood on the floor. He at once called the attention of Baylis, the foreman porter, to it, and he, together with Mr. Jones, the station-master, and Inspector Haycock examined the place. In one of the water-closets they found the body of a full-grown male child, firmly fixed, head foremost, at the bottom of the pan. The self-acting apparatus by a spring behind the door caused the water to flow, and suffocation must have immediately ensued. The body, when found, was quite warm, and it was removed to the Stone's-end Police-station. It was ascertained that a single Greenwich to London ticket had been collected a short time previous to the body being found. The ticket was marked with blood, and at the time of the collection a poorly-clad woman, dressed in black, was noticed to pass the barrier.

TERRIBLE CRIME NEAR BOLTON.—Another terrible crime has been committed at Westhaughton, about five miles from Bolton. A weaver named Henry Whittle has been living for some time in the house of his son, Roger. The latter married last New Year's Day, and his wife and his father do not seem to have been on very good terms. Recently Whittle was told that he must find a home elsewhere, and he was to have left his son's on Saturday. About ten o'clock in the morning, the mother of young Whittle's wife went to the house, and found the front door fastened. On looking through the kitchen window she saw her daughter lying on the coal-heap, and raised an alarm. The house was entered through the bedroom window, and the dead body of the young woman was found lying in the treddle-hole of a disused loom, which had been converted into a coal rack. Her head had been cut open, and near her lay an axe, three feet in length, covered with clotted blood. Upstairs the body of the elder Whittle was discovered on a bed in the back room, with a terrible wound in the throat. He was also dead. He bore a bad character in the village and had been sent to prison for assaulting his wife, from whom he had lived apart for several years.

KILLED IN A MINE.—A fatal colliery accident occurred on Saturday afternoon at the Butterfly Pit, Allbridge Colliery, Tivdale, near Dudley. Ten days ago the pit "fired," and the workings were obliged to be abandoned for a time. In order to stifle the fire a scaffold was erected in the shaft, about 20 yards from the top. The whole was covered in with a heavy layer of rubbish to prevent the combustion of the coal, and to extinguish the fire by excluding the air. At the top of the shaft a similar plan was adopted, and the pit remained untouched until Saturday last. Mr. Hopkins then determined to ascertain whether the coal was alight or not, and the shaft was uncovered. A miner named Joseph Bristowe was let down to the platform, and he displaced a piece of the scaffolding. Choke damp overpowered Bristowe, and Mr. Hopkins descended the shaft. When the shaft was a little less dangerous a descent was made, and the bodies of Mr. Hopkins and Bristowe recovered, but life had been extinct for some time. Mr. Hopkins had sustained a severe wound in the forehead. It is supposed that the damp which had escaped through the opening made by Bristowe had filled the shaft, and that the unfortunate proprietor of the colliery had fallen off in a second or two.

REMARKABLE INSANITY OF TWO BROTHERS.—A singular case of sudden insanity of two brothers named Martin is reported from Cornwall. It appears that the brothers have for some time past been successfully working a farm, in succession to their father, in the parish of Perranarworthal, near Truro, and were very much attached to each other. James, who was suffering from overwork, went to Penzance a few days ago, with a view to a trip to the Scilly Islands, for the benefit of

his health. The recent severe gale, however, compelled the steamer to put back to Penzance, and the boisterous weather so much alarmed the brother Henry, who was at home, that he proceeded to the Truro railway station to ascertain the fate of the steamer in which James was expected to have sailed. He had scarcely reached the platform when the West Cornwall train arrived, and he saw his brother looking out of the window of one of the carriages—a sight which had such an effect upon his previously excited mind that he almost immediately betrayed strong feelings of insanity. He was at once placed under restraint, and James, in consequence, doubtless, of the sad position of his brother, is now also suffering from the same malady. The unhappy affair has excited much sympathy in the neighbourhood.

RIOT NEAR HARTLEPOOL BY IRISHMEN.—Seven Irish reapers, named Patrick Clarke, Thomas Clarke, Patrick Clarke, jun., Martin Rusk, John Dauplanie, Martin Dauplanie, and John Dauplanie, were on Monday brought before the West Hartlepool county magistrates on a charge of cutting and wounding Police-constable Stokoe, in the village of Elwick, on Sunday at midnight. The complainant being in a dangerous condition, Dr. Atkinson's certificate was put in, and the superintendent thereon applied for a remand until Monday next. He then proceeded to say that on the evening in question three navvies were quietly seated in a public-house in Elwick, when a score of Irish, inclusive of the prisoners, came in and soon began to provoke a quarrel. They all had their sticks, and began an attack on the navvies. The police-constable (Stokoe) was sent for, when they turned upon him, and a shower of cuts were dealt him and the three navvies by the cowardly Irish miscreants, who having half-murdered the navvies and the officer, ran away in all directions. Information sent to West Hartlepool and Stockton drew out a formidable force of police, who scoured the country in all directions, and ultimately the seven prisoners were duly apprehended. The remand was immediately granted. Two of the navvies lie in a critical state.

DEATH FROM SWALLOWING DAMSON STONES.—Mr. J. G. Richards has held an inquest at the workhouse of St. George's-in-the-East on the body of Sarah Jane Anthony. Sarah Anthony, of 23, Pennington-street, St. George's-in-the-East, said her husband was a gate-keeper at St. Katharine's Docks. The deceased was their daughter, and was 10 years of age. On the Monday night she put her to bed at half-past eight, when she appeared to be in her usual health, but in 20 minutes she complained of feeling sick, when she took her out of bed and she vomited freely. She put her to bed again, but she soon experienced another attack, was in much pain, purged in her bowels, and complained of thirst. She gave her some weak brandy and water, but the symptoms continued until two in the morning, when she seemed better and went to sleep. At half-past two the next afternoon she noticed a change for the worse, and she went for a doctor. On returning the child was dead. Mr. John Morrison, F.S.A., said that on making a post-mortem examination he found the ventricles of the brain injected, both lungs diseased and tuberculated, and other symptoms of consumption. The mucous membrane was inflamed, and lodged in a fold were two damson stones (produced), the irritation from which brought on diarrhoea, which was the immediate cause of death. The coroner having remarked upon the peculiar nature of the case, the jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased died from the mortal effects of diarrhoea and vomiting, by her swallowing two damson stones, which lodged together in the mucous membrane of the stomach, and caused inflammation."

REMARKABLE SUICIDE.—An inquest has been held at Osgodby, near Claydon, on the body of a labourer named Joshua Smith. His widow stated that he had been very strange in his manner for some time. Once he heard a child cry, and insisted that it was one that died eleven years ago. He sought for it under the beds and in the closet during the night. On Friday morning last week he got up early, and said there was a great storm coming. He compelled all the family to get up and get dressed, and said "Let's run for our lives." He ran across the fields, and was away from six to nine, and when he returned he said there had been an earthquake. He had been in an unsettled state of mind upon religion. When he got up on Sunday morning he remained undressed, and kept repeating the words, "Depart, ye workers of iniquity, depart, depart!" About two o'clock the same morning, when in bed, he asked for a Bible, and placed it on his breast, and laid a prayer-book over his head, and remained so until seven o'clock talking all the time. He said to his wife, "Go upstairs and fetch me three sovereigns and put them on the doortep, and then we shall have liberty." His wife declined, and he then turned his face, and said, "Talk to her, God." About nine o'clock he went out, and his wife saw him go along the cliff to the seaside. She thought, she said, "that he had gone to be baptised, as he had been talking about it for some time, and wanted her to baptize him. He said it did not matter who did it or where it was done if there was water enough." Soon afterwards he was found by a labourer lying dead on the beach, with his head in a shallow pool of water. The jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned."

FORGERY BY A BOY.—Edward Breems, a lad about fifteen years of age, has been charged at the City Police-court, Manchester, with having obtained, by means of forged orders, about £40 worth of postage stamps. The prisoner had been for about three years in the employment of Mr. Butterworth, cotton-waste dealer, Great Ancoats-street, as copying clerk, and in the same employment were several other lads, whose duty it was to stamp and post letters, and who had authority to make out written orders for the necessary postage stamps. The prisoner had been in the habit of forging the names of those lads to orders for stamps, and, when he had obtained them, of selling them at two post-offices in Oldham-road, representing that he had been sent to dispose of them by his mother, to whom they had been sent by his father, who was at work in another part of the country. It was supposed that this practice had been carried on by him during the three years that he had been in Mr. Butterworth's employment but finally he was suspected, and when questioned he confessed what he had done. Mr. Carter, who keeps the Miles Plating Post-office, and Mrs. Jones, wife of Mr. Jones, keeper of the Higher Oldham-road Post-office, were examined, and stated that they had from time to time bought postage stamps from the prisoner, in quantities varying from 6s. to 3s. worth, he stating that they had been sent by his father. They were authorised by the Post-office authorities to purchase stamps in that way. Mr. Butterworth said he believed the prisoner had obtained altogether about £100 worth of stamps

in that way, but he would ask the bench to deal leniently with him, as he did not wish to blight his prospects in life. The prisoner, having pleaded guilty, was committed for a month.

MURDEROUS OUTRAGE AT ROCHDALE.—On Sunday morning about five o'clock, information was given to the Rochdale police that a house situated in High-street in that town had been burglariously entered, and that an old man, aged 83, named Charles Chadwick, had been murderously attacked. Chief-constable Stevens promptly investigated the matter, and found that Chadwick rented the house, and was in the habit of sleeping in the kitchen. He let an apartment on the same floor, separated from his own only by a flimsy partition, to Frederick Clapham, cabinetmaker, and his wife. A man named Robert Carter and his wife occupied the second floor. On Saturday night Frederick Clapham asked the old man to lend him a few shillings, saying he had no money, but the request was not complied with. Chadwick retired to rest with his trousers on. He had in his pocket a sovereign, four flins, four half-crowns, and two or three shillings. About four o'clock on Sunday morning he was disturbed by feeling some one attempting to rob him. He grasped the hand, but immediately received a heavy blow on the head. He was then seized by the throat, which prevented him from giving an alarm, and was again struck several blows on the head. He made another grasp at his assailant, cried "Murder" repeatedly, but was again felled by another blow on the head. Robert Carter, hearing cries from the second floor, immediately lighted a candle and went down stairs when he found Chadwick lying on the floor. His pocket had been torn out, and the money was missing. When he had been in the room two or three minutes, Sarah Ann Clapham opened the door of her apartment, and came into the room, followed by Frederick Clapham, who was partly dressed. They both, in answer to inquiries from Carter as to whether they had heard the cries of murder, replied that they had not. Mrs. Clapham went to the door, and said it was unfastened. The old man in reply to the chief constable, said he could not see his assailant, but he was a man of light build. Frederick and Ann Clapham were taken into custody. At the police station the female searcher found stitched in the female prisoner's underclothing four florins and four half-crowns. Dr. Setters, who was called into the old man, found three very severe wounds on his head, which must have been inflicted by some heavy instrument. He now lies in a very precarious state.

FINLEN'S ENTERTAINMENT.—DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

MR. JAMES FINLEN, whilome mock barrister of the Judge and Jury Club, subsequently orator, working man's friend and patriot generally, having, according to his own statement, "failed during his twenty years' advocacy of political and social reform to free England of her aristocratic oppression," resolved to sail for the New World, and an entertainment was given last week at the New Hall of Science, Old Street, St. Luke's, with the view of raising the necessary funds for him to pay his passage. A lengthy and varied programme was provided for the occasion. Between three and four hundred persons of the poorer class, and apparently Irish, were present, at prices for admission ranging from threepence to one shilling. About two hours were occupied with songs, speeches, and recitations, the greater part by Irishmen, and of a patriotic or party character. Two recitations, adapted from Macaulay's and Campbell's odes, were in eulogy of the Fenians hanged at Manchester, and in aspiration for Irish independence. Both were spiritedly given by a young man, and were loudly applauded. Mr. Finlen was announced "to appear next." He recited the "Poacher's Widow," and the "Jacobins of Paris," and then made a farewell speech. He said that he should bid farewell to England without regret, because it was a country the capital of which was the home of the most infamous aristocratic mob that ever disgraced a nation. He knew that he spoke with responsibility, for he had just been told by the chairman that there were no less than two detectives in front of him. (Hisses, and "Turn them out.") He should say no more than he had said for the last twenty years, and should do no more than he had done in his ordinary course during that period. He paid a high tribute to the worth of the English labourers, without whom kings, princes, bishops, and aristocratic parasites would be no more. The men who had persecuted him were the base supporters of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and that tyrannical gang—the most unscrupulous, the most malignant men on earth—he meant the writers for the press—anonymous libellers, treacherous cowards, and slanderers. These were the agents which had been at work to destroy the character of a good man who had endeavoured to remain a good man. He proceeded to say that he was not allowed to live here; he could fight freedom's battle better in the land of the star-spangled banner. He hoped to rehabilitate himself; and if he should ever return here, to continue the fight. He was loudly cheered.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—M. Armand, a French savant, has stated to the Academy of Sciences that he has discovered a sure antidote to nicotine in the watercress. It destroys the poisonous effects of nicotine, and yet does not alter the aroma of tobacco. A solution of watercress may be employed for steeping the leaves of tobacco, and would thus divert them of their noxious properties.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?—A gentleman who puts this question says:—I reside in the Old Kent-road, which is a wide main road, and one of the most open and frequented thoroughfares in London. Last evening when we returned home from church, about eight o'clock, I found the front door of the house—facing the street and within two or three paces of it—had been violently burst open by a crowbar, the marks of which are plainly apparent, the woodwork at the side of the door being forcibly wrenched away. The house had been thoroughly ransacked from top to bottom, bureaux, boxes, and drawers burst open, and a quantity of silver plate, family trinkets, silk and satin dresses, and other valuable property taken away. The entry must have been made about seven, or shortly before, as a neighbour saw a blaze of light at the side window at ten minutes past seven, and that there were several persons engaged in the robbery is evident from the fact of the number of rooms carefully ransacked during so short a time. I cannot but think that so far as the security of our lives and property is concerned we are in a very little better position than those who live in an unsettled or uncivilised country, and have to protect themselves as best they can from the incursions of savages and robbers. It is a delusion and a snare to rest in the belief that our homes are protected by the police, and we must look to ourselves to protect them by the best means we can, which, so far as I am concerned, will for the future probably be plenty of strong iron bars and a Colt's revolver.

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESSES.

By the late THOMAS MOON.

"I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Saviour!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)"

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for p-inter' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p-caps the measles!)"

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's,
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)"

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well, now, I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A dabby, dabby baby!)"

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well;
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)"

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come of course to spend the day!
(Thank Heav'n I hear the carriage!)"

"What, must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)"

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinner!
(Now, David, mind, I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!)"

NOTES INTERESTING AND ODD.

A WORTHY hatter of the good old town of Yvetot has patented a hat in which a lantern is to be fixed. The wearer of it will be saved from the risk of being run over at night; he will enjoy the advantage of having a light to his footsteps; and, finally, he may save the public some expense in the lighting of streets.

"CURED" FISH—"What to eat, drink, and avoid" has long been a prevailing question for epicures, but probably few are in the secret that a large quantity of the cured fish sold in South London undergoes the process of "drying" in water-closets, in the vicinities of Bermondsey and Lock's-fields, Walworth. It is not uncommon, for economy's sake to use as fuel the dried straw from dung-heaps for smoking purposes. Here, at all events, we get a hint as to the food to "avoid."—*South London Press.*

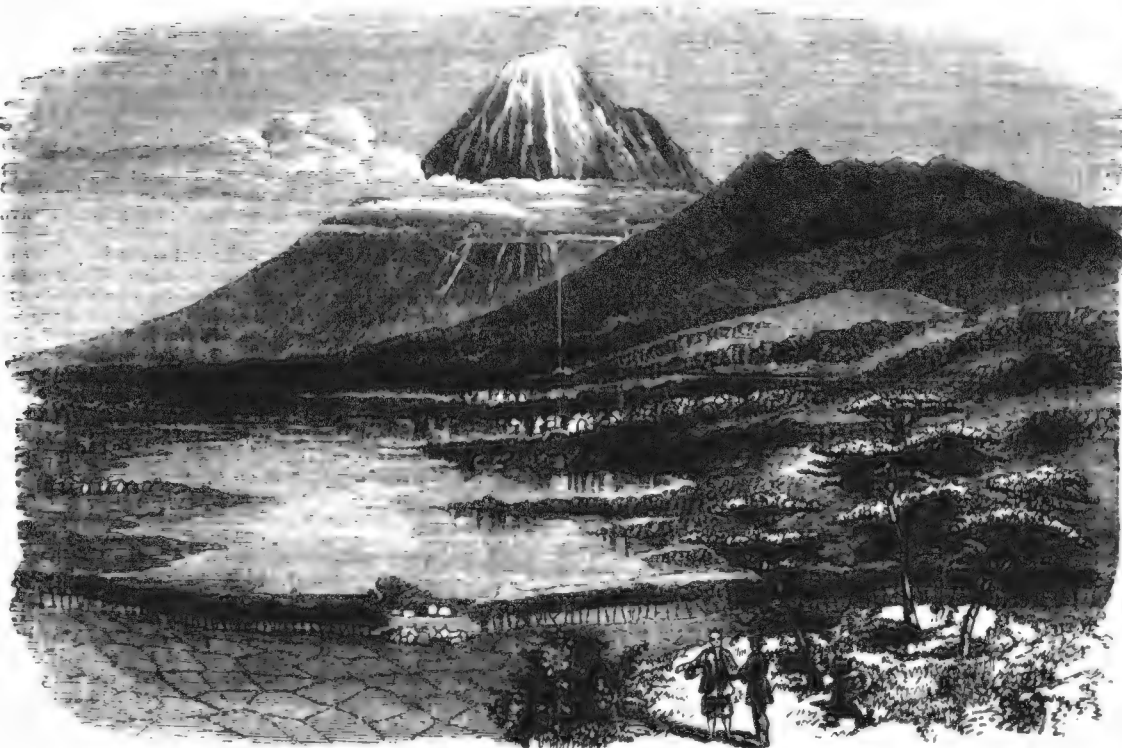
WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH THEM?—The inspectors of the Irish prisons report that 107 men and 665 women who were sent to gaol in Ireland last year had been previously in prison 21 times or more. Eight of the men and 32 of the women had been in prison more than 100 times. Three of the men had been in gaol above 160 times, one of the women 199 times, another 224 times, and one of these gaol birds was committed for her 267th time. These persons, chiefly committed for drunkenness or disorderly conduct spend most of their days in prisons supported at the public expense. Imprisonment for debt is occasionally made to take out a living. When the Lord Lieutenant on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, cleared the Dublin Marshalsea Prison of those who were supposed to be unfortunate debtors, two persons were most reluctantly turned out. A benevolent magistrate allowed them pensions which provided them with food; to meet other expenses they had themselves arrested in order to obtain accommodation in the Marshalsea free of charge.

LORD DERBY AND MR. BRIGHT.—A correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* tells the following story in that paper—During the cotton famine Mr. Bright was severely censured for not contributing to the relief fund, and his niggardliness was contrasted with the munificent gift of £10,000 made by Lord Derby. All that time Mr. Bright was keeping on his workmen on three-quarters' time wages, and was sinking thousands upon thousands week after week, year after year, until by the time the war came to an end he had paid away a total sum compared with which Lord Derby's gift was a real bagatelle. During all this time, while he was seeing the savings of a lifetime disappear, he said nothing to all the taunts that were uttered against him. At last Mr. Garth, a lawyer, who was then a candidate for Guildford, made a charge against Mr. Bright so sweeping and so false that the member for Birmingham was bound to take notice of it, and to correct his calumniator in no very mild language. Even then he did not refer to what he had done for the men whom he was accused of oppressing. But a friend, unknown, I believe, to him, went to Lord Derby, laid before him the facts, and asked if, after this, he thought the organs of the Conservative party ought to continue their attacks upon Mr. Bright. "Good God, and he said nothing!" was Derby's reply. Thenceforth the attacks ceased.

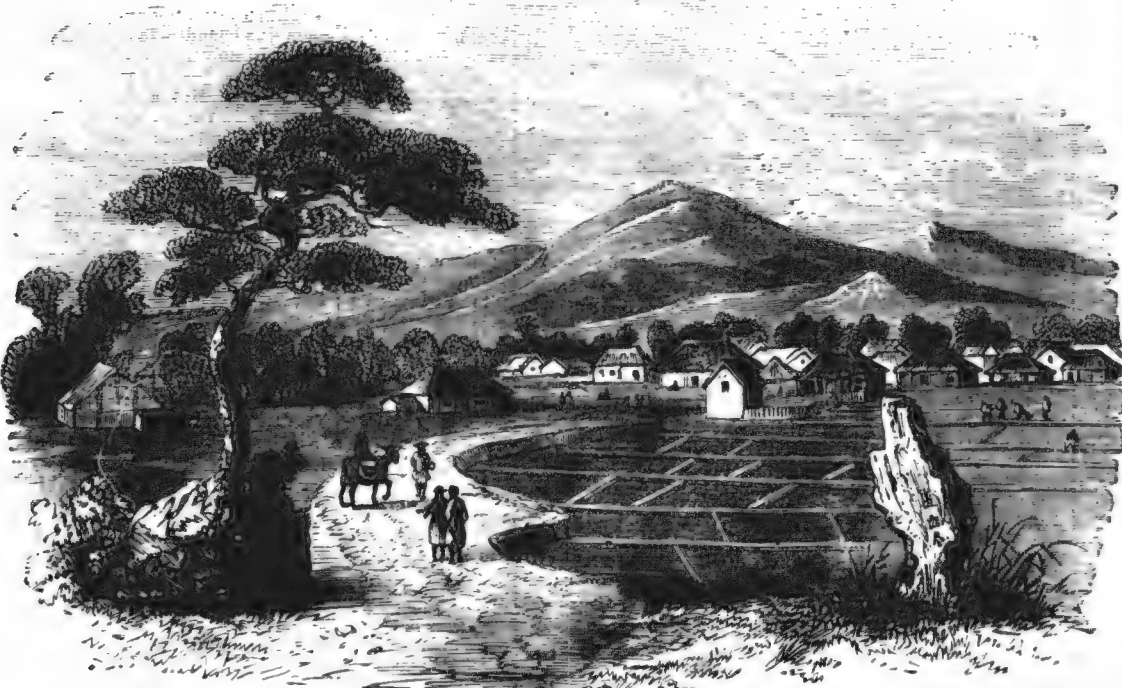
SOME of the peace reformers in Switzerland have been loud in their condemnation, first of armies and then of monarchs, as the chief promoters of armaments. Especially have they denounced the expensiveness of monarchies. We need not enter into the discussion; but it may be useful for those who ponder over such questions to know exactly how much monarchs and their families cost. The most expensive of all monarchies seems to be that of Russia, which costs considerably more than that of France, while that of France again may be placed side by side with that of Turkey. In Russia Royalty costs £1,700,000 a year; in France, £1,400,000; and in Turkey, £1,320,000. Other European nations indulge their sovereigns with much more modest figures. Among this less expensive class Austria heads the list, providing for the maintenance of the Hapsburgs £800,000 a year. Italy comes next, with £640,000; then Prussia, with £180,000; while England provides something like £470,000 for its Royal family. Among the cheaper sovereignties the dearest is Bavaria, which sets apart for Royalty about £250,000. Portugal follows with the moderate sum of £183,000. Holland is content with an expenditure of £100,000; Norway and Sweden with £52,000; Denmark with £18,000; and Wurtemberg with £14,000; and Rome with £40,000. In round figures, the Kings and Kaisers of Europe cost us Europeans something like £8,000,000 a year paid to them for their own private use.



ROAD LEADING TO JEDDO.



FUSIYAMA, NEAR JEDDO.



VILLAGE IN THE ENVIRONS OF JEDDO.

VISIT OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TO JAPAN.

In connection with his Royal Highness's visit to this interesting country we give four illustrations. One is a Chinese junk, and the other three are views near Jeddo. The latter are of great interest, as giving us a faithful picture of the appearance of the country surrounding the capital. The Fusi-yama mountain is a very remarkable object, or so think the Japanese. Towering, like Etna, to a perfect cone, with an elevation of about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, it is visible at an immense distance. This celebrated mountain, so dear to the Japanese, has been created by them into a household god. Fusi-yama is painted at the bottom of the delicate China cup from which he sips his tea; it is represented on the lacquer bowl from which he eats his rice. He fans himself with Fusi-yama—he hands things to you on Fusi-yama. It is on the back of the looking-glass—it is embroidered on the skirts of his garments—and is on the background of every Japanese work of art or imagination.

MURDER IN THE BOROUGH.

A YOUNG woman named Sarah Johnson was murdered on Sunday, under very shocking circumstances, at No. 7, Suffolk-street Borough. She is stated to be connected with a respectable family living at Battersea, and she and three of her sisters are said to be entitled to a considerable sum of money. Their mother died about three years ago, and some time after their father married again. Sarah then became uncomfortable at home, and left it, and took lodgings in a small street in the Borough. She was then nineteen years of age. She became acquainted with a young man named Riggall, and in March, 1868, the young woman gave birth to a child, of whom Riggall stated that he was the father. Some time after that a coolness sprang up between them, and about six months afterwards, at a shoemakers' bean feast, held in the country, a few miles from London, she met with a Spaniard named Carlos Martini, a finisher of elastic boots, about fifty years of age. His wife died leaving him with five children. He persuaded the young woman to leave Riggall and come and live with him. His family he kept at other lodgings. Shortly afterwards he discovered that she was in the habit of meeting the young man Riggall, the father of her child, and he became very jealous, and often reproached her with her treatment of him. On Saturday Martini heard that Johnson had again met Riggall on the previous night, and at eleven o'clock on Saturday night he went into a public-house at the corner of Little Suffolk-street, and after he had been drinking there for about twenty minutes, he left and went over to No. 7. "About three o'clock in the morning the people in the house heard cries of 'Murder, murder,' and then loud screams, and shortly afterwards Martini walked down stairs and left the house. Mr. Wall, the landlord of the house, and two other persons went up to Johnson's room, and found her lying naked on the floor with her head nearly severed from her body, and wounds on other parts of her body. And at the side of the body lay two knives covered with blood. One of them was bent. On a bed in the corner of the room sat the little son of the woman crying 'Mamma, mamma, mamma.' The police then entered the room, and requested the people in it to accompany them to the Stones-end station-house, where they stated Martini had given himself up on the charge of murder. All then went to the police-station, where they found Martini seated on a chair with a gash in his throat. He said he had murdered 'his Sarah' and tried to kill himself, because he could not bear to see her with another. He was then taken to Guy's Hospital. His wound is a very severe one, but it is not considered dangerous.

Mr. Payne opened the inquest on Tuesday morning at the Board-room of St. George's Hospital. The body having been identified, James Waugh, the landlord of the house No. 7, Suffolk-street, was examined. He said—About seven weeks ago the deceased came to my house. I know her by the name of Martin. She said she was Mrs. Martin. She had a child. Last Saturday Martin, the man she lived with, came home about seven o'clock, and went up stairs. The deceased was not then at home. At twelve she returned. About four o'clock I heard screams, and I got out of bed and stood at the bottom of the stairs, and I said, 'Martin, what is all this bother about? I won't have it. We are all hard-working people, and we want to get to sleep. I'll not have it.' The screams then ceased, and I went back to my room. Martin then walked down the stairs, and he went out. Shortly after I heard a knocking in the top rooms where Mrs. Arthur, a lodger, slept. I got up, and she said, 'Something is the matter, for I hear the child crying.' I then went up stairs, where I saw Mrs. Arthur with a light in her hand. We then went to the first-floor back room, where I saw a woman lying naked on the floor, near the foot of the bed. Her head was in a pool of blood, and her throat cut. Her face was uppermost. At the head of the bed, which was in the corner of the room, sat a child. I entered the room within three minutes after I heard the screams. The woman was quite dead when I saw her. I then went to the station-house, where I saw Martin. He had never threatened to injure her. I found in the room two knives. In answer to questions the witness said that the bed looked as if it was smothered in blood, and the child as if he had been dipped in a pail of blood. After some further evidence, the jury found a verdict of wilful murder against Carlos Martini.

In the afternoon, Charles Martin, 45, a shoemaker, was placed at the bar charged with the wilful murder of Sarah Ann Wright, 20 years of age, by cutting her throat with a table knife; also with attempting to commit suicide. The prisoner was born of Creole parents in the Borough. He is of dark complexion, and has been known about the neighbourhood of the police-court for many years as a quiet industrious man. After hearing the evidence, the prisoner was committed to Newgate for wilful murder. The prisoner, who seemed to take the whole of the proceedings very coolly, was then removed.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor-street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post office-order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d.—[Advt.]

LUXURANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—MRS. S. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to quickly restore Grey or Faded Hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large Bottles—Price Six Shillings. Sold by Chemists and perfumers. Depot, 266, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

THE NEW BRIDGE AT BLACKFRIARS.

The new bridge at Blackfriars approaches completion, and will, it is hoped and believed, be open for public traffic in the second or third week of this month. Its foundation stone was laid with much ceremony by the Lord Mayor, in the presence of the whole Court of Aldermen, the sheriffs, common councillors, civic officers, and a large number of invited guests, on the 20th of April, 1865. The stone, which forms a part of the foundation of the abutment on the Surrey side, and which weighed 2½ tons, formed a portion of the cutwater of one of the piers of the old bridge, and bore an inscription of which the following is a translation:—

"The former bridge over the river Thames having fallen into decay, the Court of Common Council of the City of London ordered the construction of a new bridge on the same site, of which the Right Hon. Warren Stormes Hale laid the first stone on the 20th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1865, we trust under better auspices, for the former bridge was built during a period of general war. The construction of the present has been undertaken in a time of profound peace, in the 29th year of the reign of Queen Victoria, at a moment when the former restrictions of commerce have been removed, and, by the adoption of free trade, those separate interests which divided nations have been happily bridged over. May the Almighty, of His infinite goodness, grant to the omen a happy fulfilment."

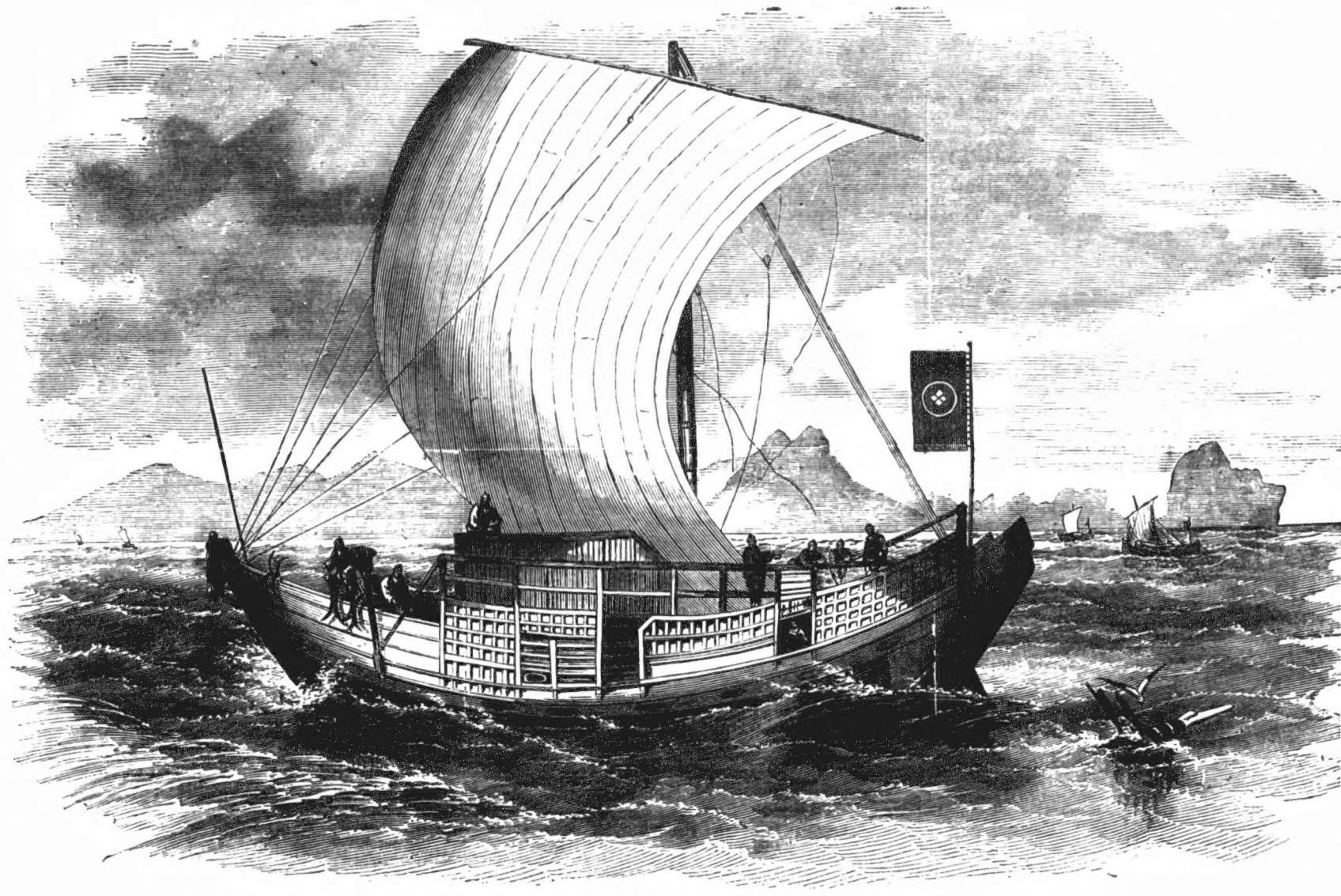
The former bridge—for it can scarcely be called the old bridge, having at the time of its demolition reached little over its hundredth year—was commenced in the year 1760. Its foundation stone when brought to light four years since was

thrown into one, and only the portion of the coffer-dam above low watermark was removed when the pier had been completed.

The bridge consists of five arches, and is 963ft. in length by 75ft., the entire breadth between the parapets, or 33ft. wider than the bridge it has replaced. Each arch is composed of nine parallel ribs of wrought and riveted iron—each rib being in five pieces. The ribs of the centre arch are 6ft. 4½in. at the springing, and 4ft. 7in. at the crown. The rise of this arch—the span of which is 184ft.—from the springing is 17ft., and the headway at its central point at high water, or the height above Trinity high water mark, is about 25ft. The span of the two side arches is 175ft. each, and that of the two shore arches 155ft. each. Their rise above high water mark is about 17ft. 3in. The nine ribs of each arch are braced together by lattice girders, the spandril spaces are filled in, and the plate on which the materials of the causeway and footways are laid are bolted to cross girders. The roadway will be 45ft. in width; that of the old bridge was only 27ft. 6in. The footways of the latter were 7ft. 6in., those of the new bridge will be each 15ft. The gradient in the old bridge was at first 1 in 16, but about 25 years ago it was reduced to 1 in 24. The steepest gradient in the present bridge is 1 in 40. The entire waterway available for navigation will be 840ft., as compared with 787ft. which the old bridge gave. The abutments and piers are constructed of grey granite, and each pier bears a Ross of Mull red granite column, with base and capital of richly carved white Portland stone. The columns, which are highly polished, the capital being carved with birds and water plants, are 7ft. in diameter, and will form, for they are yet—with one or two exceptions, boxed up for the

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF LORD JUSTICE-CLERK PATTON.—THE FINDING OF THE BODY.

In the course of Wednesday last week, a rumour got afloat in Edinburgh to the effect that Lord Justice-Clerk Patton had unaccountably disappeared from his country house at Glenalmond. The report spread with the proverbial rapidity of bad news, and numerous inquiries were made at his lordship's town residence, where, however, no information, confirmatory or otherwise, had been received. It appears that his lordship, who, on the previous Thursday, presided at the Ayr Circuit, returned to Edinburgh on the Friday afternoon, and on Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Patton, he left Glenalmond, to all appearance in excellent health and spirits. According to the Circuit Court arrangements, his lordship was to have been in the Dumfries Court on the Tuesday, but the calendar being a very light one, an understanding was come to before he went north that Lord Jerviswood should take the whole of the business. His lordship left his house in Glenalmond about eight o'clock on Monday morning, for the purpose of taking his usual short walk before breakfast. As he did not return in time for morning prayers, Mrs. Patton became alarmed, and a search was forthwith made along the banks of the Almond, in the river itself, and in the surrounding grounds. The news quickly spread through the district, and the inhabitants turned out in mass to render what assistance they could. Messengers were despatched in all directions to search and make inquiry, and the people, dividing themselves into squads, carefully examined the woods and the river, which was considerably swollen in consequence of the recent rains. The search was continued throughout the day,



DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT JAPAN.—JAPANESE JUNK.—(SEE PAGE 1484.)

found to record that on the last day of October, 1760, and in the beginning of the reign of his Majesty George III., it was laid by Sir Thomas Chitty, Lord Mayor, on behalf of the Corporation of London, who had undertaken the construction of the bridge in the midst of an extensive war, for the accommodation of the public and the ornamentation of the City. It added that in compliance with the unanimous vote of the citizens of London the bridge was to be called Pitt-bridge (as it was for some years) "in order that there might remain to future ages a monument of the City's veneration of the man who by the strength of his genius secured the British empire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the reputation and influence of his country amongst the nations of the earth." The designs for Pitt-bridge, or Blackfriars, as it came after a time to be called, were severely criticised by Dr. Johnson, and the increased scour of the ebb tide caused by the removal of old London-bridge hastened the verification of his forecasting that the structure would not prove the enduring "monument" it was intended to be.

The work of removing the bridge was commenced early in June, 1864, and, notwithstanding its rather shaky condition, occupied a longer time than was at first expected. The foundations had been laid in caissons. The engineers of the present bridge preferred to use the coffer-dam, in one of which—resembling a massive square tower—the ceremony of laying the foundation stone took place. The coffer-dam is a box-formed structure of wood and iron rendered water tight. It is sunk to the level of the foundation, and the water being pumped out, the masonry work, as on dry ground. Six coffer-dams were used for each pier, enclosing the area it was intended to occupy, and the water was pumped out at each half tide. At a certain stage of the work the six spaces were

purpose of carving *in situ*—very prominent features of the new bridge. The arches and balustrades are of ironwork, tastefully ornamented.

The cost of the entire work, including that of the erection and removal of the temporary, wooden bridge, will be under £350,000. The former bridge, which consisted of nine semi-elliptical arches, was erected at a cost of £153,000, but its repairs from time to time, before it was finally condemned, involved an expenditure of nearly £100,000.

PERFECT HEALTH to all by Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, which eradicates dyspepsia, indigestion, cough, asthma, consumption, debility, sleeplessness, constipation, flatulency, phlegm, low spirits, diarrhoea, acidity, diabetes, nausea and vomiting, wasting, palpitation, nervous, bilious, and liver complaints. Cure No. 68, 413, "Rome."—The health of the Holy Father is excellent since he has taken Du Barry's Food, and his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly.—Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tin at 1s. 1½d.; 11s.; 2s. 9d.; 12lb., 22s., at all grocers, and 163, William-street New York.—[ADVERTISEMENT.]

SCIENCE AND ART.—A striking instance of the immense value a small piece of steel may acquire by the great power of skilled mechanical labour is the balance-spring of a watch. From its extreme fineness and delicacy 4,000 weigh not more than one ounce, and exceed in value £1,000. A most interesting little work, describing the rise and progress of watchmaking, has been published by J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond-street, and the City Steam Factory, 58 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their prices. Mr. Benson (who holds the appointment to the Prince of Wales) has also published a pamphlet on Artistic Gold Jewellery, illustrated with the most beautiful designs of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c., &c., suitable for Wedding, Birthday, and other presents. These pamphlets are sent post free for two stamps each, and they cannot be too strongly recommended to those contemplating a purchase, especially to residents in the country or abroad, who are thus enabled to select any article they may require and have it forwarded with perfect safety.

and in the evening an apparatus was obtained from Perth for the purpose of dragging the river bed. On Tuesday morning the villagers of Methven, the workmen on the Abercainry estate, and the inhabitants of Glenalmond turned out to renew the search, and ultimately received a melancholy solution in the discovery of the body. On the Tuesday an empty razor case and a necktie belonging to his lordship were found on the banks of the river Almond, and hence the search was kept up in the locality. The body was on Thursday dragged up from a deep pool. The deceased appears to have advanced to the edge of a steep bank, which stands about five or six feet above the torrent, to have there cut his throat, and then allowed himself to fall backwards, instinctively clutching as he fell the ash sapling growing on the bank, which was subsequently found with bloody finger marks. The body would be swept at once into the deep pool below the linn, from which it subsequently drifted downwards to the pool where it was discovered. Insanity is given as the cause for the terrible act.

FATAL EFFECTS OF LARKING.—Mr. Langham held an inquest on Friday, at St. George's Hospital, on the body of Henry Beck, aged 10. The deceased was engaged as a "hawk boy," along with several other lads, at No. 14, Wilton-crescent. On the Wednesday, at dinner time, the lads were playing upon the building, and, to avoid being taken by his comrades he got outside the building upon the new coping, when the stone gave way, and he fell a distance of about 25 feet. He was at once removed to the above hospital, but he died in the course of a few hours. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death."

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, on the proposition of the Minister of the Interior, has distributed a sum of 71,000fr. amongst the 78 societies of maternal charity, whose organisation has been approved.

LAST week the bodies of four of the persons who had been so long entombed in the workings of the Oaks colliery, and which were recovered during the last day or two, were interred in Barnsley. All of them were identified by the little clothing left on them.

The sentence on Michael Adkins, who was convicted some time since at the Warwick assizes of the wilful murder of his wife at Baddeley Ennor, but who was respited on the eve of his execution, has been commuted to twelve months' imprisonment from the date of his conviction.

By the death of the late Viscountess Palmerston, the entailed Melbourne estates in Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Northamptonshire, and Hertfordshire, amounting to upwards of £30,000 a-year, go to her grandson, Earl Cowper. The Palmerston estates in Hampshire and in Ireland pass into the possession of her son, the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P.

The following notes are taken from the medical records of a sailor now on board the Dreadnought Hospital ship—"Paid-off on the 5th ult.; received £28 and spent all but a few shillings in a fortnight. During that time daily allowance of liquor consisted of about forty glasses of rum, two gallons of beer, three or four glasses of gin, and a glass of brandy with milk in the morning."

HABITUALLY CRIMINALS—During the hearing of a case of attempted housebreaking at the Liverpool Police Court, Mr. Superintendent Kehoe, chief of the detective department, stated that since the passing of the Habitually Criminals Act the fraternity of thieves had changed their mode of operations. They now almost always selected the afternoon as the time for housebreaking, the provisions of the new act having made them very careful as to being seen about the streets during the night.

THE CRACOV CONVENT AFFAIR—It will be remembered that the lady superior of the convent of Cracow, where Barbara Ubrzyk was confined, excused herself on the plea that she had acted under the instructions of the general of her order. The Government has since referred to this dignity through its Ambassador at Rome, and a protocol in the Latin language has been forwarded to Vienna in reply. The general of the order positively declares on oath that he gave no instructions to the lady superior, as stated by her.

MRS. BURTON, who recently died at Roundhay, near Leeds, has left some munificent bequests for charitable purposes. The total amount of her benefactions exceeds £30,000, of which £15,000 is to be devoted to the erection of Wesleyan chapels and schools in Cumberland and Scotland. The Wesleyan Home Missions, the Bible Society, and the Leeds Infirmary each receive £2,000, and half that sum is left to each of the following institutions—Woodhouse Grove School, Kingswood School, the Leeds Dispensary, and the Leeds House of Recovery.

The Home Secretary has granted a full pardon to Archibald Brown who was sentenced at the Kingston spring assizes, 1868, to five years' penal servitude for forgery, an offence to which he pleaded guilty. The youth—for he was but sixteen at the time—was the son of a gentleman, now deceased, who resided at Surbiton, and by means of forged cheques he got a considerable sum of money from Messrs. Shrubsole's bank at Kingston. The condition of the pardon is that the liberated prisoner shall immediately quit England, and remain abroad during the remainder of the five years.

The *Telegraph* says a sad blow is about to be struck at the familiar old tradition that Britannia rules the waves: our men-of-war must henceforth be inhabited by men of war alone, and the soft influence of female eyes is to be withdrawn from those who fight our battles—of model, plating, and armament. In future, no lady whatever will be allowed to reside on board any Queen's ship, without special permission from the Admiralty, or the commander-in-chief on the station; such permission to be given, if at all, only to the extent of allowing ladies occasionally to be conveyed between different parts of a station, "and each such case is to be specially reported."

PAUPER VOTING—An important decision has been given by Mr. Leofric Temple, who is presiding at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, in revising the list of voters for the borough. A man named John Kelvin was objected to on account of his having received parochial relief in the shape of 9s. per day from the relieving officer for breaking stones. Mr. Bennett urged that this was null and void within the meaning of the act and the definition laid down by the authorities, and cited several cases tried before the election committees in the support of his view. The revising barrister considered that the voter, having earned the amount of his labour in breaking stones, could not be deemed a pauper, and allowed Kelvin's claim to vote.

ANOTHER POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION—A great metropolitan demonstration is announced to be held in Hyde Park on Sunday, the 24th of October, in support of the movement for the unconditional release of the Fenian political prisoners. It is stated that a leading Irish member of Parliament will preside on the occasion, and that several other Irish members and gentlemen of influence will be present. The demonstration is promoted by the London Amnesty Committee, the International Democratic Association, the Holborn and Clerkenwell Reform League, and the United Labourers' Society, a body numbering several thousand men and strictly composed of Irishmen. A committee has been appointed to attend to the arrangements, and no effort is to be spared to make the demonstration an imposing one, both in regard to influence and numbers. Several deputations from Ireland are also to be present.

A CORRESPONDENT in Jersey writes that no small degree of fright prevails in the island respecting the expected "tidal wave." The most absurd rumours are all at it regarding it, many believing the tide will rise forty-one feet above the ordinary level; and the most groundless fears are entertained of its effect on the town of St. Helier, which lies exposed to the full force of the wave. Report has it that many persons are preparing to leave the island. The rumours caused the military authorities to communicate with the Board of Trade. The matter was referred to the Meteorological department, and an answer was returned to the effect that there was no reason for believing that the tidal wave would rise many feet above the ordinary level of spring tides. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor has caused this communication to be published, and it has had somewhat of an assuring effect upon the inhabitants.

The case of the Duke of Newcastle came again before Mr. Justice Willes this week. A rule had been obtained at side bar to remove the executors now lodged in the Duke's mansion in Carlton-house-terrace, on the ground that the goods distrained upon had been seized and sold. The sheriff of Middlesex now applied to the judge to annul that rule, on the ground that of the two claims on which the executors were issued one was insufficiently satisfied, and the other was not satisfied at all. Mr. Padwick's claim, it was stated, was for £95,000, and only about £9,000 had been realized. Mr. Justice Willes said he could well understand that it was wished to get the man in possession out of the mansion, but the law was clear on the subject; the sheriff had a right to remain in possession until the claim was satisfied, and he therefore dismissed the side-bar rule. His lordship, however, intimated that the question might be raised again in another form.

ENGLISH THIEVES IN PARIS—The estimated loss of ships kept in Paris caused by one particular class of robbery to which they are subjected, and which in this country is known as shoplifting, is from £12,000 to £15,000 annually. The pieces of silk

and woollen stuffs thus stolen are rarely disposed of in Paris, as the pawnshops will not take them without making the most minute inquiries, and the dealers in such merchandise are the first to call in the police when it is offered to them in this irregular way. It is said that most of it is sent to London, where there are depôts established for the express purpose of receiving the produce of robberies on the Continent. The thieves, who come from England, usually associate in gangs of four, one of whom is invariably a woman. They take up their abode as a general rule in some small house, or in part of a house in the outskirts of Paris, and when they have succeeded in effecting a piece of business they lie close two or three days, in order to avoid observation. Then, when they think the matter is nearly forgotten, one of them goes quietly to some small railway station and books his parcel for London.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY—At the ordinary meeting of the Bethnal-green Board of Guardians a few days ago, Mr. W. D. Collins presiding, the chairman exhibited a portrait of an inmate named Joseph Smith, who was born at Ipswich in the year 1768, and is consequently over 101 years of age. The master of the workhouse (Mr. Wakelin) stated that the old man had a drive in a cab on his birthday in June last round Victoria Park, and appeared to enjoy it very much. He had been in the house 31 years. The chairman said there was no doubt about Smith being 101 years old; for one of the guardians had taken the trouble to ascertain the authenticity of the old man's statement by procuring a copy of the register of his birth. On a reference to the roll-book it was found that there were 781 old and infirm men and women in Bethnal-green workhouse, of whom 428 were upwards of 70 years of age. Of these 4 were between 90 and 100 years of age, 75 between 80 and 90, 292 between 70 and 80, and 57 were born in the year 1800. The guardians of the parish point to these facts with some pride, as an evidence that the parish is more healthy than is usually obtained credit for.

ALL the efforts of the Russian Government have proved unavailing to put a stop to the extravagances of the Skopzi, the new sect of fanatics. The *Dona*, a usually well-informed paper, gives an account of their last exploits. On the 13th inst. a party of 400 of these fanatics left the town of Balatshow and proceeded to a neighbouring wood to pray. The scene witnessed on their return was horrible. A madman named Wasiloff declared that he was the Son of God, and, after choosing twelve apostles from the party, called for a human sacrifice. Five victims were at once selected, placed on a number of waggons which had been piled up for the purpose, and burnt alive. A woman who had distinguished herself by the violence of her religious paroxysms seized the shaft of the cart and beat two young girls to death; while another female was first trodden under foot and then literally torn to pieces by the fanatical crowd. Other details are given of the horrors enacted, which are utterly unfit for publication. It is impossible to say what further excesses might not have been committed if the governor of the town, being informed of the facts, had not despatched a company of soldiers and arrested the whole party, who are now in confinement, pending the inquiries of a commission sent from St. Petersburg to report on the subject.

An art exhibition and fancy fair has been opened at York, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the clearing off of a debt which has for a long time crippled the usefulness of the York Institute of Popular Science and Literature. The exhibition numbers amongst its patrons the Archbishop and Dean of York, Earl de Grey and Ripon, Sir Harnett Johnstone, M.P., Sir George Wombwell, Bart., Colonel Hon. O. Duncombe, M.P., Mr. T. A. Milbank, M.P., and the city members, Messrs. Lowther and Westhead. The exhibition, which is held in the Lecture Hall, comprises a collection of paintings by old and modern masters, water colour drawings, engravings, a collection of photographic views in the Holy Land contributed by the Palestine Exploration Fund, statuary, ancient costumes and armour, specimens of rare old china and earthenware, and many other objects of interest. Vocal and instrumental concerts are also added to the other attractions of the exhibition. The opening ceremony was presided over by the Lord Mayor; and the Rev. Canon Hey, the Rev. Canon Robinson, Mr. Edward Baines, M.P., Mr. J. G. Fitch, Government Inspector of Schools, took part in the proceedings. The exhibition will remain open at least a month.

A LUCKY GAMBLER.—A letter from Homburg, dated the 21st inst., contains the following:—"The play-world here has again been highly excited by the extraordinary luck of the Maltese millionaire who, as your readers may recollect, broke the bank at Baden, and won enormous sums here at trente-et-quarante in 1865 and 1867. On the 8th inst., the very day of his arrival, he won 100,000 r. in 96 rouleaux of Fredericks d'or, and it was rather an unusual sight to see one of the attendants of the Kursaal in full uniform carrying this golden burden to the Banque Privilegee du Commerce, and deposit it to the account of this favourite of the blind goddess. This agreeable performance, moreover, might be witnessed any of the succeeding days. But the most curious circumstance I have to relate was this: from the first hour of his arrival the wealthy Maltese had declared he felt he would win a large sum on the 18th, the anniversary of the day when, in 1867, he carried off 318,000fr. at one swoop. And, sure enough, win he did, and at the very same hour; the sum was so large as to encumber the table in such a manner that other players could with difficulty find room to lay down their stakes. It is asserted that all the time he was there not a soul won a farthing. Certain it is that he is the coolest player I ever saw, and that the keenness of his eye is unrivalled. The bystanders, who crowd around him, are astounded at his telling them beforehand whether the croupier will turn up the winning or the losing colour; and as for mistakes by inadvertency, he never allows one to pass unnoticed. Whether he wins or loses, he never plays for more than one hour a day. On the other hand, he is very generous to the needy; but the bank, I should think, must have felt exceedingly relieved at his departure, which occurred this very day."

THE HARVARD CREW AND THE LONDON ROWING CLUB—The following letter has been received by the secretary of the L.R.C. from the Harvard crew subsequently to their departure from Putney:—"Queenstown, Sept. 3, 1868.—To the London Rowing Club, Putney, S.W., England.—Gentlemen.—We hardly know how to express to you our gratitude for your uniform kindness and attention during our stay in England. Even after a challenge to Oxford had been forwarded and accepted, and while we were still hoping for favourable word from Cambridge, we had our meetings as to the wisdom of our course, and were inclined to over-estimate the difficulties attendant upon a residence of several weeks in a land far from home among those entirely strangers to us. But your welcome favour, breathing throughout a spirit most courteous and kindly, tendering us the hospitalities of your club, at once reassured us, and most glad are we to say that you have lived up to its very letter. Though your course was entirely free from anything of a demonstrative nature, the manner in which you have anticipated our every want, and rendered plain and easy much that would have given us care and anxiety, was most considerate. We have left in your hands the boat in which we raced the race. Will you oblige us by accepting it as a slight token of the regard we feel for the many worthy men who compose your club, and whom it has been our pleasure and honour to meet and know? We scarcely recall any specimen of our American manufacture that would be more appropriate, and hope that it may be of service to you. With deep regret at a separation which we trust may be of but short duration, and strongly hoping that we may soon see many of your members on our shore, presenting them such attentions as he is out place to give, we remain, gentlemen, very sincerely yours. THE HARVARD CREW."

LAW AND POLICE.

THE ALBERT ASSURANCE—Mr. Price, the provisional liquidator of the Albert Assurance Company, was examined on Saturday at Marlborough-street in connection with the charge of conspiring to defraud the shareholders. He went at some length into the history of the company, and said that in the course of his examination of the books he had found no traces of concealment or information of the part of the directors, or any apparent tampering or improper dealing with matters under their control. In many respects he did not approve the accounts, but the figures were correct. The case was ultimately adjourned for three weeks, defendants being admitted to bail on their own recognizances of £10 each.

HOW THE BABIES ARE TREATED—A woman named Anna Cummings, aged twenty-five, was convicted at the Middlesex Sessions on Saturday of unlawfully abandoning and exposing a child, named Ellen Mary Cummings, under the age of two years, and thereby endangering its life. It was stated by a detective that the prisoner was connected with a person who keeps a house in Camberwell, and regularly advertises that she provides lodging and accommodation for ladies during their confinement. He also said that five children had been found in Fulham since January, and twelve in Kensington since April, an unprecedentedly large number for that district, and it was during this time that the prisoner lived in its neighbourhood. Mr. Payne sentenced her to five years' penal servitude.

TRIAL FOR WIFE MURDER—William Smith, who is charged with the murder of his wife at Hounslow, was again examined on Saturday before the Brentford magistrates. The medical evidence proved that death was caused by a blow on the head, but how the blow was inflicted did not appear from the evidence. The woman was, it seems, the sister of the wife of the publican in whose house the murder was committed, and this man and his wife both admitted that they allowed the poor woman to lie dead for three hours at the foot of the stairs while they carried on their business as usual. They sought no medical evidence, but at the end of three hours sent for a policeman. The wife stated that the prisoner had threatened to "do" for her sister with a stone-mason's clipper, which he pulled out of his pocket. He was committed for trial for wilful murder.

IMPUDENT FRAUDS—William Glover, a young man, of 1, Plumber-street, City-road, was brought up for final examination for defrauding tradespeople in the metropolis under the pretence of having been sent to examine and adjust their measures and scales and weights. There were witnesses in attendance from places extending from Highbury-vale, Islington, to Greenwich and Woolwich, and the practice of the prisoner and another man, not in custody, appeared to have been to get information of the employment of an established tradesman in each particular locality by tradespeople to adjust their measures and scales and weights, and to call just prior to the usual period of visiting, making an examination, take away some weights as being light, and leaving others which were found to be defective, thus leaving the possessors to be liable to fines when summoned before the district magistrates by the inspector; and to demand and receive payment of certain exorbitant fees for services supposed to have been rendered. Receipts for such payments had been signed by the prisoner.—Mr. Maude committed the prisoner for trial.

BRUTAL ASSAULT—At the Guildhall, George Eppie, a brass-moulder, was charged on remand with striking Miss Stocks between the eyes and then smashing a glass globe in her face. The prisoner had been twice remanded on account of Miss Stocks's very critical condition. The doctor's certificate now stated that her nervous system had received a severe shock. The complainant was the daughter of the landlady of the Weavers' Arms public-house, Skinner-street, Bishopsgate, and the prisoner lived next door in a house belonging to Mrs. Stocks. As the prisoner had been out of work for some time, they allowed his rent to run on, but as he had been in work some few weeks Miss Stocks reminded him of what was owing, and suggested that he should pay some of it off. Upon that he became very abusive. Miss Stocks ordered him out of the house. He then reached over the bar and struck her a violent blow between the eyes, and then took up glass globe off the counter and threw it in her face, wounding her dreadfully. Sir Sydney H. Waterlow said it was a most brutal assault, and he should send the case for trial, but upon Miss Stocks appealing to him not to compel her in her present condition to go to the Old Bailey, and the prisoner consenting to have the case dealt with by the magistrate, Sir Sydney sentenced him to three months' hard labour.

INTERESTING TO GAS CONSUMERS—Mr. W. P. Boddy, the secretary of the Surrey Gas Consumers' Company, was summoned at the Southwark police-court by Mr. John Green, an alchouse keeper in Snow's-fields, to show cause why the company neglected to supply him with gas, after he had tendered a sufficient deposit. The complainant purchased the business in June last, and applied to the company to be supplied with gas for five burners. The previous tenant had used nine burners, and the average sum for gas consumed annually was £1. The company refused to supply him with the required gas unless he paid down £1 as a deposit. Mr. Green offered them £1 as deposit, being equal to the quarter's consumption by the former tenant, but this they refused. The complainant's solicitor contended that the act of Parliament never contemplated that the gas companies should exact two or three quarters in advance from their consumers. He therefore asked the magistrate to decide the amount of deposit justly payable to the company. A gentleman who attended from the secretary's office contended that the demand of £1 security was not at all exorbitant, considering the trouble they had to get the money from former tenants, several of whom had left without paying. Mr. Partridge said he was satisfied, after hearing the evidence, that the £1 demanded by the company as security was an exorbitant sum. He therefore decided that £1 was sufficient, and ordered the company to allow the complainant 5 per cent. interest thereon.

WIFE BEATING—At Guildhall on Monday, James Perrin, carpenter, was charged with brutally assaulting his wife and threatening to murder her. The complainant, whose face it was stated, was dreadfully contused and swollen, said that she had been married to the prisoner for eleven years, and during the whole of that time they had led "a terrible cat and dog life." Last week he was discharged, and had been drinking ever since. He came home on Monday morning about a quarter to one o'clock, locked the door, and commenced beating her in the face and on the head with his fists. After some time she got away and concealed herself in a neighbour's house until about four o'clock, when she returned home. Her husband then struck her a violent blow on the jaw, which knocked her down. She then got away again, and hid herself in a neighbour's house, but he followed her and burst the door open, but the people in the house would not let him touch her. She added that on Wednesday last week he sharpened a knife, and had it in his hand for nearly half an hour trying to cut her throat. She screamed murder, and then he attempted to strangle her. She had never brought him before a magistrate before, because he threatened that if she did he would kill her. She was so wretched that she wished herself dead, and this morning tried to put an end to her existence rather than be murdered by her husband, but her mother prevented her. Alderman Unwin sent down the prisoner to four months' hard labour, and at the expiration of that time ordered him to find two sureties in £5 each, and enter into his own recognizances in £10 to keep the peace for three months longer.

TO BRITISH & FOREIGN MECHANICS.

TO AMATEUR MECHANICS IN SCIENCE AND ART.

To all Concerned in Chemistry, Electricity, Astronomy, Engineering, Building, Inventions, Photography, Horology, or Technical Researches.

NEW AND IMPORTANT ADDITION TO SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS.

NOW READY THE

BRITISH & FOREIGN MECHANIC

AND

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTOR.

CONDUCTED BY

EDWARD HENRI TODÉ,

Editor of the "English Mechanic" from March 31, 1865, to August 21, 1869. Projector of the "Building News," and for many years sole Editor of that journal. Projector and Editor of the "Steam Shipping Chronicle," and of the "Penny Newsman." Editor of the "Illustrated Builders' Journal," "World of Science," etc., etc., etc.

Profusely Illustrated. Twopence Weekly.

The "BRITISH AND FOREIGN MECHANIC" has been projected with a view to meet a want long felt by mechanics—that of technical education. It has been too often taken for granted that the British workman would feel offended if instruction compiled in the manner intended by the projector of this journal were placed before him; but the projector of this journal, after patient investigation, has arrived at the conviction that our workers will gladly accept any sound instruction if given in an intelligent and attractive manner, and at a reasonable price.

In the pages of the "BRITISH AND FOREIGN MECHANIC" full and practical attention will be given to all matters relating to Amateur Mechanics' requirements,

American and all Foreign Machinery Improvements—Organ, Pianoforte, and Harmonium Construction—Lathes and Lathe-working—Photography—Electricity—Chemistry—Telegraphy—Building Construction—Civil and Mechanical Engineering—Astronomy—Horology—Physical Science—Musical Instrument Construction—Velocipede Construction—Friendly Societies—Screw Cutting—Ship Building—Boiler Construction—Joinery—Weaving—Textile Fabrics—Natural History—Art and Nature—The Wonders of the Deep—Mining—Travels and Explorations in Foreign Lands—Sculpture—Engraving and Painting—Modelling—Philosophical Instrument Construction—Medical Science—Botany—Aerial Locomotion, &c.

THE

BRITISH & FOREIGN MECHANIC

PUBLISHED THIS DAY

Saturday, the Second of October.

It consists of 32 large and profusely Illustrated Pages, with a Supplement of Eight Pages, and may be obtained through all Newsagents and Booksellers, who are requested to order early.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT WILL BE GIVEN.

LONDON OFFICE: 40, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

